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The Philippine Archipelago

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Savage Gentlemen

Frontispiece

A TINGUIAN WARRIOR

SAVAGE GENTLEMEN

By

MABEL COOK COLE

NEW YORK
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Savage Gentlemen

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Dedicated to

MY HUSBAND

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A Savage and a Gentleman

Introduction

"SAVAGE GENTLEMEN" is the record of an unique experience and an illuminating chapter on the mind of primitive man. Mrs. Cole has earned the gratitude of all who desire more understanding of and broader insight into human behavior. Because of the part I played in making her experience possible, it seems fitting that I should write these few words of introduction.

Some years ago, while Curator of the Department of Anthropology of Field Museum of Natural History, it was my good fortune to enlist the interest of the late Mr. Robert F. Cummings in making generous provision for a series of ethnologic investigations among the non-Christian or so-called headhunting tribes of the Philippine Islands. As a result of Mr. Cummings' generosity, Field Museum's collections of Philippine ethnology are unrivaled by those of any other museum in the world.

Of the investigators responsible for these collections no one had had so wide a field experience or was so thoroughly equipped to carry on research and make collections as was my assistant Dr. Fay-Cooper Cole. Few ethnologists ever covered more territory or brought home more enduring records of research than did Dr.

Cole during his nearly four years in the Philippine Islands. Nor apart from the pages of this book or from actual personal experience can one form any clear idea of the obstacles that had to be overcome in carrying out these investigations. That there were dangers to be faced as well as obstacles to be overcome is only too vividly brought out in Mrs. Cole's narrative of the facts of the death of one of my assistants, Dr. Jones, at the hands of a tribe of Headhunters who were no more remote or savage than many tribes with which Dr. and Mrs. Cole spent months in close intimacy.

Just why the Ilongot refused to permit Dr. Jones to leave them alive, while neighboring Tinguian were so solicitous about the lives of their guests at the time of their departure, we shall in all probability never know. But we can learn from Mrs. Cole's vivid pages just how "white" a brown-skinned headhunting Malay chief can be when he takes a fancy to a young ethnologist and his wife. No gentleman could be less a savage, no savage could be more a gentleman, than were the many pagan Chiefs both in wild Luzon and even more wild Mindanao to Dr. and Mrs. Cole.

The reason why appears again and again in Mrs. Cole's pages; in fact, I seem to detect several other "reasons" in these pages — for example, the reason why Dr. Cole could get into so much hitherto practically unknown territory and not only bring his own head out on his shoulders but most of the tribal heirlooms as well. Mrs. Cole not only went where Dr. Cole went but her presence helped smooth rough trails and also broke new

ones never before available to whites. It is not too much to say that the Coles in three and a half years got further into the hearts of some of the wildest of the Philippine tribes than the Spaniards got in three and a half centuries.

The story recorded in these pages is unique in one other respect. There are fewer savages in the Philippine Islands today than there were yesterday. A few years more and there will be no savages at all. Our civilization refuses to let the savage live. Willy-nilly, the savage must progress. Into the merits of this "progress" I do not presume to go — nor has Mrs. Cole raised the point. But in her fresh and candid narrative of what she saw there is food for thought for those who question the speed of progress; there is above all a picture of simple primitive Man in all the glory of his own simple untutored ways — a picture of untamed Man and wild nature which is rapidly being civilized from off the face of the earth.

George A. Dorsey

SAVAGE GENTLEMEN

BULAKANO

A Savage Gentleman

CHAPTER I

We Meet Bulakano

THE tropical moon shone bright, the stars were pale in the blue night sky. I stood at the open window of our native house and looked down into the silent village. The black shadows of the huts and the bamboo houses, raised high above the ground, were hardly distinguishable from the buildings themselves. Moonlight filtering through coconut palms cast fantastic sharp shadows on the overhanging grass roofs. The world seemed a confusion of strange forms. I could smell the jungle.

In the distance I could see the dim outline of mountains, the home of hostile tribes; but a moonlight night was no time for a raid, and the village was asleep. I could not hear a sound in all this land.

Then our bamboo ladder creaked. There was a call, " Apo-o," and I turned to the doorway just as there stepped into our room a brown figure, straight and strong. A bark cloth band encircled his head; besides this he wore only a clout and a belt into which was thrust a headaxe of highly tempered steel — the only indication that he was not at all times peaceful.

It was Bulakano, the headman of this wild mountain people.

He nodded greetings to my husband, who sat writing by candle light, and then waited respectfully till Juan was summoned to interpret. "Excuse me, Sir," began Juan when he had been told the headman's errand, "but Bulakano say you will please go with him and the other men to get pay for the heads that the Alzados took last month."

My heart leaped. I thought that I could not have heard rightly. I looked at the embarrassed face of Juan, at the calm anticipation on the face of Bulakano, then at the puzzled expression of my husband. This was his first dilemma.

We had come to this little village far in the mountains of northern Luzon to live among these primitive people, to study their life and habits. Only a short time before our arrival, six heads had been taken by the enemy. Now our hosts invited their white guest and his guns to accompany them to this hostile tribe to secure their pay.

Gold and silver are no remuneration for human life in this region: there is but one price, one medium of exchange — head for head.

My husband hesitated. He did not want to disappoint his hosts; at the same time he could scarcely afford to start in at once by taking heads. The situation required diplomacy.

Bulakano's face was kindly and genial; yet I knew that he was a powerful man among his people. I began to wonder. An interminable distance seemed suddenly to separate us from everywhere: the civilized earth faded

away: we were in a different world. I began to realize that being the wife of a scientist might prove far from monotonous.

In Chicago when my husband had asked me if I would go with him to the wild tribes of the Philippines, I was fascinated. I had always wished I had been an Indian and could live a life unhampered by the rules of modern society. Woman-like, I asked questions, and when I was assured that asking questions was the chief part of the anthropologist's business, I accepted at once.

There were long weeks of preparation that seemed interminable. Everyone had heard of the Philippines, but there seemed to be considerable discrepancy in the notions concerning them. From one we got the impression that Manila was a thoroughly American city, surrounded by small green islands which were inhabited by dog-eating, head-hunting savages, some of whom had tails. From another we learned that they were beautiful islands extending for fifteen hundred miles north and south and inhabited by highly civilized Malays. Another informed us that the climate was insufferably hot, unfit for the white man. We heard that the nights were so cold that we must wear flannels. The animal life seemed to consist of everything from centipedes to carabao. The rivers were said to be raging torrents most of the year. In only one detail were all agreed, that it was not a desirable place to go.

Why anyone living a secure and comfortable life in Chicago should want to go off to live among savages in the fever-infested islands of the Philippines was be-

yond the understanding of most of our friends, and when we started it was with a feeling that we were not quite normal.

We sailed from Seattle, by way of the great circle, thinking it a shorter route, but storms drove us out of our course and we were twenty-one days reaching Yokohama. It was clear enough only once to be out on deck, but that was a gloriously bright day, and the Aleutian Islands glistened on the horizon to the north.

We were supposed to have crossed the 180th meridian December twenty-third, though I have always suspected that the Captain, unable to hurry his ship, stretched his conscience a bit, for it would have been too disappointing to his weary passengers to lose Christmas day. As it was, we skipped the twenty-fourth. We went to bed the night of the twenty-third, a dreadfully stormy night, and woke up Christmas morning.

It was a rough Christmas. Great waves rose high in front of us, on first one side, then the other, and in back, ever changing and giving way to deep valleys of white foam. The decks were coated with ice, and Santa Claus himself might have trimmed this Christmas ship, so beautiful was it with its hangings of ice and frost.

All day the storm increased. Fascinated with the turbulence about us, we watched the volumes of water, piling higher and higher, while the ship was tossed like a chip in this great game of the sea.

Bravely she climbed the water mountains and slid down into the foaming valleys; but occasionally she failed to go over, and then with a thud and a swish, a

great wave swept over the boat. Part of the rail was washed away; steel posts were twisted and torn loose; and the ice hung heavy on the rails.

The steward urged us to get ready for an elaborate dinner he had prepared for Christmas night, and having nothing else to do, we devoted much time to our toilets, making ourselves as fit as possible for the grand occasion.

By careful reckoning we found that one wave out of every seven was breaking on deck and sweeping down past our cabin door, so we waited inside till the swish came and the water subsided. Then, in all our finery, we made a mad rush for the dining room three doors away. But we had made a bad guess. A huge wave burst down the deck, striking us just as we reached the cloak-room door and thrusting us unceremoniously across the room. A shout from the stewardess brought China boys running with bath towels, for we were drenched from head to feet.

My husband thought that he would change his suit, but the clothes left hanging in our cabin were soaked, while our trunks and bags stood in six inches of water, so he wrung the sea from the tails of his dress coat, and we went in to dinner. We could not disappoint the steward.

We were a dilapidated looking pair, like chickens in a drenching rain, bewildered and helpless, with fine feathers dripping. From time to time, as we ate the elaborate dishes set before us, salt water trickled down our faces, and we were forced to accept the services of

the China boy with the bath towel. Apples, nuts, and oranges rolled merrily over the tables and across the floor, while a pitcher of cream slid off and caught in the sleeve of a woman opposite us.

But there were no casualties, and after all, we were out for adventure.

* * * * * * * *

We had ten delightful days in Japan and two in Shanghai, and then, just forty-two days after leaving Seattle, we landed in tropical Manila — lovely after the ice and snow of our northern trip.

We delighted in the city with its mixture of civilizations, its walled section with narrow streets, its broad avenues outside, its leisure-loving natives, and hustling, fuming white men, its old churches and graveyard, its botanical gardens, and sunset concerts.

It was here that we acquired Juan, one of the most important events in our lives. He was an Ilocano "boy" who had cooked for an English scientist in China, and he spoke some Chinese, Spanish, a little English, and several native languages. From that first day when he came to us, meek and unassuming, till that day five years later when we left him weeping on the dock, he never ceased to make our best interests his one aim in life. He guarded us like children, rejoiced when we rejoiced, and worried when our appetites lagged. He was a general, a philosopher, and a good cook.

In Manila we seemed almost as far from the wild tribes to the north as we had been at home. Knowledge

concerning them was very scant, and the most definite information we could get was that it was no place for a white woman. We made preparations to go and selected the Tinguian, one of the least known of the wild tribes, for our first study. After long delays our outfit was repacked; pneumatic mattresses, mosquito nets, blankets, phonograph, cameras, photographic supplies, cooking utensils, and canned goods, all were put into boxes small enough to be carried on the backs of men.

Then we ate our last ice-cream and boarded a small inter-island steamer. It was dirty and hot; the pigs, which were allowed on deck, were kept to the back of the boat, but the chickens were given the same freedom as the first-class passengers. Often during the night the air was rent with the flapping of wings, followed by vigorous crowing.

The trip up the coast of Luzon was rough; the boat rolled, and the food was bad; but we proved that grape-juice and crackers will keep one from starving for two days at least. On the morning of the third day, anchor was cast, and we crept, weak and shattered, down the ladder into a *barangay*, or native row boat. It was a rough two miles to shore, to the little fishing village of Pan Dan, and the land, when we had finally set foot upon it, appeared to be in a peculiar state of motion.

Before we had time to regain our equilibrium, we found ourselves jolting over a rocky road in a cage-like, two-wheeled vehicle with no springs. It was drawn by a diminutive pony which appeared to be running away as he galloped over the rocks. The native driver seemed

unaware of our presence as we bobbed about. We were prevented from falling out only by the top and the strong lock which held the door in back. It was a painful half hour before the run-a-way horse stopped; then the driver unlocked the door and released us as calmly as though we had been on a pleasure trip.

This was Vigan, and friendly Americans — teachers, constabulary officers, and missionaries — revived, repaired and entertained us while arrangements were made for the trip inland.

* * * * * * * *

A few mornings later we had our first view of the Abra River. Two long bamboo rafts awaited us; one, already loaded with the bags and boxes, had Juan on top, while the other, especially fine with a bamboo sunshade, was for us. The native raftsmen, lifting us on their backs, carried us out to it. Then with their long poles, they pushed off up the river.

The conflicting stories we had been told concerning these Islands were already proving true: Pan Dan was low, hot, and saturated with odors of fish, and here, only a few miles distant, was this clear, beautiful river, spread out to great widths and full of deafening rapids, or narrowing to still depths as it cut its way through the mountains. Sometimes we made abrupt curves and were hemmed in by high mountain walls, and again low banks stretched off, dotted here and there with clusters of bamboo houses.

Carabao, the water buffalo, lay in the stream, their

RAFTING UP THE ABRA RIVER

A TINGUIAN VILLAGE. SHADED BY COCONUT PALMS AND BAMBOO

great horned heads appearing above the water. Women with earthen jars came to dip water from the stream. Others, sitting on the banks, pounding their washing on the flat rocks, called merrily to the raftsmen or scrambled into some clothes. The naked children stood and gazed at us.

All day we watched the ever-changing picture, as the men with the long bamboos poled us through the water. As the sun was sinking in the west we reached Bangued.

This is the last of the large Christianized towns and is at the edge of the wild country, the home of the Tinguian. Every Sunday a market is held. People from all the country round come to visit and barter and buy. The wild people from the hills bring their baskets and traps and knives. We rented a house here and established a base where we could leave some of the supplies and store the collection as it accumulated; and then we set about getting acquainted.

Juan, as our press agent, went to market and let it be known what curiosities we were, and as a result the wild men came to our house. They listened to the phonograph, smoked our cigarettes, put their feet on our chairs (for they were not accustomed to using chairs as seats), and spit the blood-red juice of the betel-nut on our floor. We smiled and they smiled, and we all were happy together.

In a small town nearby we found Bacilio teaching school. He was a Tinguian who had been to the coast for an education. He wore clothes, and could talk some

English. We suggested that he go with us as interpreter and he accepted.

The Christianized natives said that we were foolhardy to go back into the mountains alone. The wild men, they assured us, were safe enough when they came down to Bangued, but they were not to be trusted in their mountain haunts, and none of the men of Bangued would risk his head by going into the interior without soldiers. Later, when news filtered back through the mountains that disaster had befallen our party, they felt that they had been justified in their warnings.

The presence of soldiers would have made our intimate acquaintance with the wild people impossible, so when we felt that our reputation as royal entertainers had penetrated the mountain districts, we prepared to go back into the country. We did it at our own risk, however. The people of Bangued assured us that only our names would come back to the village.

Above Bangued the Abra River bears off to the east, then makes a great bend and leads south, so we chose a trail which cut across and was much shorter.

Carabao carts were to come at five o'clock in the morning to carry our boxes and bags as far as the road extended. We were ready at five with the horses saddled, but the carts did not come. We had not yet learned that this was a country of *mañana,* so we waited and worried and sent messengers. But the carts did not appear until the next day.

The trails were full of people when we started in the early morning — market women with bamboo baskets of green vegetables, cages of squawking chickens, or

loads of wood on their heads; men with carabao going to work in the fields; school children who greeted us with, "Good-morning, Ma'am, where are — you — going?" or "Good-morning, Sir, how — old — are — you?"

Before long we passed the carts with our baggage. They were crossing one of the narrow ravines where the bridge consisted of a few bamboo poles, quite impassable for carts or beasts. The carabao were unyoked and led through the ravine. While the animals lay down to rest, the men made repeated trips, carrying the baggage, piece by piece. Finally the carts were carried across. They could have built a bridge in less time. Often during the trip the performance was repeated, and the infinite patience of an Oriental was necessary to endure the delays.

We watched them cross two ravines and then we rode on, but there had come to me a new appreciation of Kipling.

> "It is not good for the Christian faith
> To hustle the Aryan brown,
> For the Christian riles and the Aryan smiles
> And he weareth the Christian down.
> And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
> With the name of the late deceased
> And the epitaph drear: A fool lies here
> Who tried to hustle the East."

At Bucay, which was at the end of the "road," the carts were dispensed with. The men bound our boxes on their backs and followed us along the narrow trail through the jungle. The guide in the lead carried a

bolo with which he cut an opening, here and there, in the underbrush. He selected the least rocky fords in the streams, and plunged ahead of us through long stretches of cogon grass which towered above our heads.

The afternoon grew late. We urged our horses and the guide as fast as possible, but we had been so delayed by the carts and in getting the carriers started, that the sun was already sinking below the crest of the mountains when we came again to the Abra. We were many miles from the mouth of the river, where we had first boarded the bamboo rafts, but it was still wide and deep. We forded the stream and climbed a hill so steep that we could scarcely cling to the horses' backs. There was no twilight, night settled quickly over us. By the time we had reached the top, I could not see the guide at my horse's head.

We pushed on, soon realizing that the trail was lost even to the guide. For the next three hours we wandered about, lost in the inky darkness of the jungle. Sometimes the way was steep and filled with sharp rocks. The weary horses stumbled. Many streams with steep, slippery banks appeared in our path; or perhaps we crossed the same stream many times.

Finally, when we were nearly exhausted, dim lights appeared in the valley below. Half an hour later we rode into Manabo.

It was a weird picture, almost convincing us that in the darkness we had entered a new world. In the midst of grass-roofed houses, dimly outlined in the flickering light, was a bonfire, and squatting around this

fire were dark skinned men smoking long pipes, while women, bedecked in bright beads, were spinning cotton. A single voice was singing in a monotone. Our horses' hoofs roused the sleeping dogs which greeted us with loud barking. The people rose and came toward us, peering into the darkness.

There was excitement and talking. Someone was sent to call the headman at whose invitation we had come to the mountain village.

Suddenly a hush fell. A figure, indistinct in the firelight, came out of the shadows, and Bulakano took our hands, raising them to his face in the formal greeting of the tribe.

He was no ordinary mortal, but one of those in whom men instinctively rely. His ability as a warrior was established. Again and again he had led war parties which sought vengeance for the heads the Alzados had taken from the settlement. He had gone alone to the village of a dreaded enemy and brought back gruesome trophies. Men said that he had many lives to his credit, and his companions insisted that he fought not only with man-made weapons, but used magic. They said that his headaxe and spear killed at his bidding. Here was a living man about whom much folklore was already accumulating, about whom future generations would sing as they now chant the magic deeds of dead heroes. He grasped our hands, and with fine courtesy informed us that his house was to be ours during our stay in his village.

Whereupon they led our horses, and the entire as-

semblage moved over to the largest of the thatch-roofed dwellings. Members of his household were dragged from their sleeping place on the floor, a few personal belongings were moved to another abode, and his house was turned over to us. We rolled ourselves in our saddle blankets and slept on the floor.

In the morning, when we woke up, the whole town was astir. Men, women and children crept up our house ladder and peered in the door at us. When the carriers arrived with our boxes, there were excited cries. People came running from all directions, piling up the ladder and into the room, heels over head, so eager were they to view their strange guests.

Grunts and "Ahs" greeted the opening of each box, and excitement ran high while the camera was set up, the phonograph played, and bags became beds of air. Food was forgotten, duties abandoned.

Our guns and rifles were objects of great admiration and respect. The next day Bulakano came breathlessly up the ladder, calling, "Oh, Mister, a hawk is after my chickens. Come and bring the big gun!" My husband hurried out and killed the hawk which was hovering overhead. Then he shot at a mark on a tree. It happened that the bullet went through the first tree and lodged in a second, which stood two feet back. The people were as excited as children. "It's no good to hide behind a tree when that gun is around," they confided to each other.

It was that night that Bulakano came and invited the "Americano" to go on the head hunt.

GRINDING CORN

A TINGUIAN HUNTER

CHAPTER 2

Getting Acquainted

BULAKANO'S disappointment when the "Americano" diplomatically declined his invitation to go on a head-hunt was short lived. He would have liked to show the Alzados that he had a powerful friend who wore clothes and carried guns which could shoot through trees; but if that was not to be, he had no intention of letting his disappointment interfere with the pleasures at hand.

An Ingersoll watch, presented by the American, took much of his attention. He wound it twice a day, at sun up and sun down, according to instructions, but he never felt sure that it was still ticking until he drew it from his belt and held it first to one ear and then to the other. Many times each day he reassured himself. A gratified grunt each time satisfied his anxious audience that it still "breathed."

His duties as host took much of Bulakano's time, for his village suddenly became the center toward which all trails led. Having a white couple in this Tinguian village was equal to exhibiting a giraffe in a small town in Illinois. People came from all the surrounding settlements to view us. They climbed up the ladder into our room and sat by the hour or the day and looked at us.

Never had they had such queer things among them. Sometimes after gazing intently at our long noses they pulled at their own flat ones and nodded knowingly at each other as much as to say, " It is really true."

They brought us presents — live chickens which they placed warm and wiggling in my hands; and eggs, two, three, or four strung lengthwise in a banana leaf and tied between. These were usually bad, but Juan explained to us that the Tinguian considered them more delicate. He never cooked them for us, but I never suspected that he threw them away, for he always gave presents in return, and he was very economical. Bulakano kept a bunch of ripening bananas hanging in our window, and after he had learned our queer tastes, he sometimes brought us eggs which were nearly fresh.

Bulakano's house, which he had so graciously turned over to us, was by far the best in town, in that the sides of the main room, instead of being split bamboo, were of boards hewn by hand, and the board floor, while rough and uneven, was vastly better for high heels than the bamboo slats of the other houses. In the side wall were two large knot holes, and these, I feel sure, were rented out, for they were never empty. Even at night when we had closed and barred the door and tried to withdraw into privacy, those knot-holes were always filled, each with a big black eye. It was only when the candles had been extinguished and the shutters drawn to shut out the starlight, that we could bathe without spectators.

We developed here an appreciation of the mosquito

net which increased as time went on. Formerly it had been merely a net to keep out mosquitos and possibly flies, but here it assumed the character of a fortress into which we crept for safety at night. Scorpions, centipedes, and chameleons lived in the grass roofs, and rats were common except in some houses, which we later called home, where a snake was allowed to live in the roof to keep out the rats. Sometimes a large lizard was given a home in the rafters, and he was usually quite inoffensive except perhaps two or three times in the dead of night when the air was rent with his unearthly calls. But all these queer occupants of the place were barred from us by the mosquito net, and when we were safely in bed with the net tucked carefully under the edge of the mattress, we had a great sense of security.

Occasionally a daring mosquito would break into our fortress, and then there was trouble. The one on the outside held the candle, while the one within carried on merciless warfare till the offending intruder was dead. Sometimes the one with the candle became too enthusiastic and a hole was burned in the net. Then there was just one thing to do and that was to sew up the hole before we tried to sleep. At times a mosquito was our benefactor, for in searching for one we found a scorpion calmly sitting at the head of the bed inside the net, and at another time a centipede was captured after he had embraced a heel with his hundred feet. Still, these intrusions were occasional; for the most part we were out of harm's way when we were within the confines of the mosquito net.

Juan's domain was a bamboo kitchen adjoining the large room. This served not only the ordinary purposes of a kitchen, but also as a bureau of information. Here the Tinguian gathered early and late, watching Juan prepare our meals over the three stones sunk in a bed of ashes which served as a stove. They asked him questions: where we came from, why we ate so much, was our skin white under our clothes, where we got so much money. And Juan dispensed empty tin cans and told the things he wanted to. He was a good press agent.

News spread rapidly in this country, and before long people were coming for days' trips over the mountains to view us and to hear the phonograph, "the box which could talk Tinguian," for we had early made records of their own songs. They would listen respectfully while we played piece after piece of American music, but when we put on a record made by one of their own people their faces beamed; they clapped their right hands over their mouths and laughed.

They looked in the horn and under the machine and declared that there must be a woman in the box. They never could understand why we could produce at once the song they had sung, but could not as quickly show them their pictures we had taken.

One day we had a distinguished visitor from a distant village who was enraptured with the music, and wishing to show him some special mark of honor, we decided to open the box and show him the inside. After Bacilio had explained to him what was to be done, my husband slipped off the belt and raised the cover, dis-

playing the machinery. With no change of expression our guest gave one long look at the wheels going round.

"No man in the box?" he asked.

"No," said my husband.

"No woman in the box?"

"No."

Then without another word, he walked out of our house and we never saw him again. He doubtless felt that he had been cheated.

* * * * * * * *

The women were neat and attractive in their straight, white, wrap-a-round skirts which reached just below the knees, and the short-sleeved jackets they wore when they came to call or went out in society. When they were at work, they wore only their skirts. Their arms, if they were not in mourning, were always covered from wrist to elbow, and if the wealth of the husband permitted, to the shoulders, with row above row of bright yellow beads — the feature which distinguishes them from the women of all other tribes.

My arms were bare, and sometimes I suspected that they looked at me with something akin to pity. One day when she had grown particularly friendly, we having cured her, with a dose of quinine, of a long standing illness, Sabak came to me and stroking my bare arms, said, "Why is it, Missie, when your husband is so rich that he buys our skirts, our blankets, our weapons, our pots, everything that the Tinguian possess, why is it that he does not buy you some arm beads?"

And what could I say?

Out of deference for their custom, I parted my hair and twisted it over my left ear, catching it with a string of beads; and they said, "Very pretty." Still I realize that I never could hope to be handsome with blue eyes and a pointed nose.

The men ordinarily wear only a clout, a bark headband, and a belt into which the long working knife and a headaxe are thrust. There were among them, however, a number of pairs of cotton trousers, and these appeared sometimes on one lot of individuals, sometimes on another. They did not appear to belong to any particular persons, but traveled about even from village to village, as we did.

The children wore only their smooth brown skins. I never saw a child punished and, what is more, I never saw one that needed it. I believe that this was largely due to their simplicity of dress. There were never any shouts in the morning to "hurry and get dressed," nor at night, "hurry and get undressed." In the morning they got up and at night they lay down, under a blanket if it was cold, and went to sleep. They waded in the mud and swam in the streams, and there were no clothes to worry about, no buttons to come off, no shoestrings to break.

Tinguian fashion demands that the teeth be blackened, and both men and women, when they laugh, display double rows of shiny black teeth. We noticed one man, however, who had white ones, but when we inquired about it, he was so embarrassed, covering his

face with his hands in shame, that we dropped the subject. Later we asked Bulakano about it and he told us the reason.

"Baguio," he said, "had very bad luck. He put the tan bark and iron salts on his teeth after nightfall according to the custom, but then, because he was very tired, he went to sleep and did not awaken till he heard a cock crow in the morning. That was very bad, for if anyone hears a cock crow while the mixture is still on, his teeth will remain white." And so poor Baguio was very much ashamed and seldom laughed.

It must have seemed to them that we asked many questions as, indeed, we did; but they, in turn, asked many of us, and sometimes it would be hard to conjecture which anthropological study would be most complete, theirs or ours. We entered as much as possible into their life and strove to do things in what they considered the proper way. But we were crude, and had it not been for their innate courtesy, they would not have tolerated us.

They have a very definite way of doing everything. To see them squatting on their heels on the floor eating rice, fish, meat, — everything — with their fingers, from a wooden bowl or a banana leaf, one would never suspect them of having strict rules of etiquette, and yet, there were times when we felt that our own manners were very much amiss.

One of our worst breaches of etiquette was in the manner of drinking *basi*. This fermented juice of the sugar-cane is the only intoxicating drink used by the

Tinguian, but no social function is complete without it. After boiling the juice of the cane for four or five hours, they add cinnamon bark and store it in large old Chinese jars for five or six months. It is then well fermented and ready for use.

At all gatherings in a Tinguian house, one of these jars stands in the corner of the room and from it a prominent old man serves the liquor to the guests, always in a set form. He dips a coconut shell cup into the jar and pours a little of the *basi* on its sides and some through the cracks of the floor as an offering to the spirits. Then he serves the guests, beginning with the most distinguished. When we were present we were always served first. *Basi,* never tempting to our taste, was made even less so by the fact that the shell cup was never washed and the hand of the server had a bath in the liquor each time that the cup was dipped in. Nevertheless when it was offered us, we took it and drank, thinking that we were doing the nice thing. We soon discovered, however, that one should take the cup and, raising it to a level with his face, should offer it to each person in the room, beginning with the elders. Each person in turn, acknowledges the offer and, by a gesture with his right hand, grants his permission for you to drink. It is only after receiving this permission that it is proper to partake.

The young men have little authority among the Tinguian. It is the old men who consult together and decide all questions of right and wrong; who settle disputes over land or animals; agree on the marriage price

to be paid for a girl, the division of property after death, and, in fact, any question that arises in Tinguian life.

They are greatly respected and revered for they, better than any others, know the customs of their ancestors which, to the Tinguian, are law and gospel.

Three old men, with a fine sense of hospitality, always guarded our interests, accompanied us wherever we went and saw that we were provided with the things we needed. When my husband was away and I was left alone with Juan for a few days, these old men sat at the foot of our house ladder, and when I walked about the town, they followed at a respectful distance, shouting at the children and dogs to keep out of the way. Each wore his headaxe and a bolo thrust in his belt, and sometimes they carried spears. I felt as safe as it is possible to feel anywhere in the world.

They might be savages but they were gentlemen.

CHAPTER 3

Custom Is Law

ONE market day before we went into the Tinguian country, we saw passing our house in Bangued three clout-clad men, each with a huge iron caldron worn hatlike on his head, the edges extending far out over their shoulders. Before and behind the caldron bearers, who walked single file, were companions carrying spears and headaxes — a body guard on the lonely trails. It was a singular procession. Upon inquiry we found that these mountain men came down to the coast from time to time to secure bars of iron and Chinese caldrons to make up into spears and headaxes for which they were far famed.

Now we were in their country, where every man wore an axe and every house had its quota of spears. In exhibiting their weapons to us they always explained that the best came from Tue or Babalasang, and the men were proud of arms made in these forges.

One day there arrived at our house a man of great distinction. As he stepped into the room, which was filled with people waiting for a phonograph concert, a murmur went round, followed by respectful silence. Bulakano rose to greet him. Together they came to the table where we sat and Bulakano introduced us to

Caymo, the famous smith of Tue. No man in Tinguian land is more respected for his skill than this forger of arms, for on the moulding of his weapons and the temper of his steel depend men's honor and their lives. Even neighboring tribes know of his expertness and seek to obtain their weapons from his forge.

During the few hours he spent in Manabo, we entertained him to the best of our ability, and when he left we promised to follow him to his village the next day, to visit his forge.

We reached his village after several hours of hard riding along the Buklok river, a raging mountain stream whose bed served us part of the way as a trail. We found him in a little grass-roofed smithy, squatting at the stone anvil in front of the forge. He greeted us with a nod and turned to his work, for the metal in the coals was already hot.

With long tongs Caymo drew it from the fire and held it on the anvil. His helper pounded it with a heavy stone hammer which he swung from his shoulder. With repeated heating and pounding, the shapeless mass gradually took form and grew into a headaxe. Then the smith, striking skillfully here and there with his small iron hammer as he heated and reheated the blade, gave it the fine shape for which he was noted.

When at last it satisfied his critical eye, he prepared to temper it. This was the critical moment. All the helpers exerted themselves. Caymo's wife brought a bamboo trough of water and set it by the anvil. His small son watched intently. The man at the forge

forced the plungers up and down in the tall cylinders with rapid strokes till the fire burned hot, and the blade was brought to a white heat. The smith, perspiring and anxious, withdrew it from the fire and held it over the water, watching very closely till the white tone turned greenish yellow, then, at the right moment, he plunged it into the water. The iron became steel.

With great care Caymo smoothed down the tempered blade and whetted it to a keen edge. Then he held it up for inspection. Another headaxe was ready for service. He was proud of it.

A mountain Tinguian is rarely seen without his headaxe stuck in his belt. This and the bolo, or long knife, serve him as a whole kit of tools. He uses them in building his house and in cutting his way through the jungle; he sets the long point of the headaxe in the ground and cuts his meat in chunks by drawing the strips over the sharp blade; by catching the point in the earth or roots, he pulls himself up the mountain side; with the curved edge he clips off the head of his foe; or he uses the point as a toothpick.

Spears are kept in the houses — fighting spears, hunting spears, fishing spears — all of finest steel. The fighting spears are carried on the trail if one is going any distance, while the hunting and fishing spears are in frequent use.

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Not far from Manabo is Mt. Posoey, a favorite hunting ground, but beyond the mountain live the

IFUGAO STUDYING THE SLAIN PIG FOR AN OMEN

(Photo by Worcester)

TINGUIAN RICE GRANARY

Alzados, warlike headhunters with whom they were on bad terms. It was these same Alzados who, shortly before our arrival, had taken six heads from near Manabo, and they had threatened to destroy the village if the Tinguian did not stop hunting on Mt. Posoey.

The people were very much alarmed at the threat. Lone hunters no longer went to the mountain. Early in the morning, however, we often saw several men together start out with spears and nets and a string of half starved dogs; and at night they would return with game — wild pig or deer — swung from bamboo poles between them.

One morning we accompanied them on a hunt. There were twenty men in the party, and as we tramped single file through the fields and up the mountain, they kept time by beating with their headaxes against their spears. In two hours we came to a favorable spot.

Across a gully — a natural runway for deer — they stretched a net very loosely in the light brush, and several of the hunters concealed themselves in the thicket nearby. Then the other hunters, from some distance back, let loose the dogs; and beating through the thick brush to arouse any sleeping deer, they closed in toward the net. Suddenly, while we watched, a frightened animal dashed down the gully. Barking dogs and shouting men followed in close pursuit. It made good headway until it reached the net, but then, becoming entangled in the loose meshes, it fell; and the dogs were upon it. The men who had been

in hiding rushed out to kill the deer and beat off the ravenous dogs. There was snarling, barking, and shouts. Then the dead deer was lifted high.

Carrying the animal to a nearby stream, the hunters quickly cut it up and rewarded the hungry dogs with the entrails. The liver was cooked and offerings made to the spirit of Mt. Posoey and to Sanadan, who guards the deer; the former had protected us from the Alzados, the latter had granted us game.

The men finished eating the liver, that portion of it left by the spirits, while we lunched on biscuits and grape-juice. We made our way homeward amid shouts and laughter, as the hunters jogged along with the game swung on poles between them. Even the dogs seemed satisfied.

A dog fares badly in Tinguian land. He is never a household pet, but is always half starved, and is beaten and kicked when he tries to snatch a bit of food. I have seen the poor, lean things eat eggshells and pull down corn stalks to grab at an ear of corn. The natives will tell you that a dog's hunger increases its usefulness in hunting.

After our first hunt the men grew keen for a larger one in which the " Americano " should accompany them and use his gun. They were like small boys in respect to the guns. Their eyes glistened at sight of them, and no greater joy could be granted Bulakano than to allow him to examine them, though of course they were never loaded at such a time.

They begged to go on a hunt. It made little dif-

ference to them whether it was a head hunt or one for deer, so long as the rifle accompanied them.

The day was set, and though we rose very early, more than sixty men were already waiting beneath and around the house. There was great uproar from the barking of dogs and the shouts of the men beating them to keep them in leash.

As the procession was leaving the town, an omen bird flew directly over them, putting the men in high spirits — that was a good sign and they were sure to have a successful day.

No sooner were they on their way than the barking dogs quieted down, and not another sound came from them until they reached the bare spot on the mountain where the hunt took place.

Part of the men, including my husband with his rifle, took their places in the brush near the open place, where they could have a chance at the game when it came out, while the others with the dogs went back and beat through the brush, hoping to drive out some deer. Suddenly their wildest hopes were fulfilled; a great shout arose, for a wild carabao, the fiercest and most difficult of game, had leaped out into the open.

There was a loud report from the rifle. The entire party ran after the great beast. A second report. A third. But still it ran. A moment later it was over a knoll and down a gully, lost to sight. The hunters pursued, and after some time they came upon the animal where it had fallen. It had run nearly a mile after having two fatal shots in its body.

The joy of the natives was unbounded. Killing the fierce, wild carabao was a rare event, and great homage was paid to the rifle which had proved so much more efficient than spears.

Amid great excitement the animal was cut up and bound upon poles. After the customary offerings had been made to the spirits, a triumphant march was made back to the village. That night a feast was held. Everyone had all he could eat and drink.

The sign of the omen bird had been fulfilled.

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After this comradeship had been established, my husband thought it would be safe to begin making life masks. The duties of the anthropologist are many: he not only makes pictures and takes body measurements of the people he studies, but he must, if possible, make life masks which can be used for study purposes and also be an aid to the sculptor who reproduces groups of the people in life size for the Museum. But making life masks of wild men is not easy. The scientist must be perfectly sure of his subjects' confidence and friendliness, he must overcome their alarm in submitting to a process that is not pleasant even to persons who appreciate the value of masks. I was uneasy when he plastered up their faces, for I was afraid they would be dead from suffocation when the masks were removed. I remembered the warning, "Only your names will come back to the village."

They all survived, but from the amount of hair and

eyebrows that came off with the plaster, I think that some of them suffered a good deal. He gave a Dewey badge (which cost ten cents in Chicago) to each victim, and that healed all wounds. A man who was not keen about having his face plastered up wanted to buy one of the badges, and Bacilio informed him that it would cost five pesos. After that we had no difficulty in securing subjects. That was good pay for the loss of a few hairs.

Juan was a great help in working the plaster, and he really moved quite fast. Otherwise, of course, his hands would have set in the pans, as it was dental plaster and set quickly. When it was over, everything was covered with plaster — dishpan, washbowl, and every other available dish, to say nothing of the chair, floor, my husband, Juan, and the victim; but we were so relieved that there had been no casualties, that we did not mind cleaning up.

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Tinguian rules of etiquette, as well as their moral code, have come down through many generations, and to follow the customs of their ancestors is their law.

Theft is very rare among them, and if it does occur, it is a disgrace to the entire town. Our boxes and bags stood open while we came and went as we pleased, and not a thing was disturbed. There came a time, however, when a theft did occur, much to the discomfort of the anthropologist.

He had been on a trip up to Danok, where it was

impossible to take a horse, and he found some rough hiking. On the way back, the trail he took led from one side of the river to the other, wherever a footing could be secured on the sheer banks, and often it was necessary to keep in the river itself for long distances. Consequently, when he reached Amti, where he was to spend the night, his clothes were soaked, and he left them hanging by a fire to dry during the night.

In the morning the trousers were missing. The people were in consternation, to say nothing of my husband. He might have left his money sack open and it would not have been disturbed, but the sight of an empty pair of trousers had proved too tempting to some would-be dandy.

No amount of inquiry threw any light on the location of the lost article, and a council of the old men was called, resulting in the ceremony necessary on such occasions.

A rice mortar was placed bottom side up in the yard, with a coconut shell of *basi* on it. Then all the people of the village were called together and, one by one, each man, woman and child drank of the *basi* and called out, "O snakes, come and bite me! O lightning, come and strike me! May my abdomen swell up and burst, if I am guilty!"

A jar of *basi* was then opened and all drank; and they presented the American with a fine spear, a shield, and a headaxe which, while they amply paid for the lost garment, did not exactly take the place of it.

"The guilty one will soon be known," said the old

men who had conducted the ceremony, " for one of these disasters will befall him, and then we will compel him to pay for the gifts and the jar of *basi.*"

Walking thirty miles without one's trousers in this country was not as bad as it might have been in some places. Moreover, the anthropologist had seen an interesting bit of native justice.

CHAPTER 4

The Spirit World

WE had not been long with the Tinguian before we realized that many unseen beings inhabit this strange land, beings who guard and guide the Tinguian's life, and who must be propitiated and revered.

First we noticed at the entrance to the town, among the roots of a spreading mango tree, a number of nodular stones of peculiar shape. One day these appeared with bright yellow bands about their heads.

From time to time we came upon small bamboo structures of various shapes and sizes in the village, on the trails, or in the fields — play houses we should have called them, but the children were never near them. A bit of cooked rice, some betel-nut, or a little dish of *basi* was nearly always found in these structures, "offerings to the spirits," they told us. As we walked about the village, strange chants and calls came from various houses, and we knew that secret gatherings were being held.

At the foot of our house ladder stood a bamboo pole split at the top and spread, basketlike, around a small dish of food, while hanging from a rafter in one corner of our room was a black box with carved wooden horns into which our host often slipped fresh bits of food, or

GINNING AND COMBING COTTON

TINGUIAN MOTHERS

A TINY TINGUIAN NURSEMAID

a cup of *basi*. Unseen beings were everywhere; and here, in our own house, Bulakano, our protector, was offering food to appease them and perhaps keep them from doing us harm.

Sometimes the bright light of stars shining in our faces would rouse us from sleep and we would jump up to find the calm of the night strangely broken. Around us all was still, but from the distance came the rhythmic beat of gongs, accompanied by a plaintive melody.

The unseen pervaded this land, a world to which we had no approach. And we realized that until we had been found worthy, its portals would never open to us. Here were men and women who moved and had their being in our world, but their beliefs lay in the other, and their minds flitted from the real to the unreal. Little by little we gained their confidence, and as we became more accustomed to their language, we entered more and more into their life.

Some nights the village retired early, and a tomb-like silence enveloped everything. But again, as soon as darkness fell, a bonfire was lighted and burned far into the night. Here the people gathered with a story teller in their midst; and when they were assured of our sympathy, we, too, were welcome in the group.

The women took their cotton, and in the dim light they spun the long threads which later were woven into garments. The men, wrapped in striped blankets, smoked their pipes and poked the fire. The dogs slept in the warm ashes. And in these little circles, surrounded by a world made dark and threatening by the

flickering flames, we first heard the tales of their heroes who understood the magic of the betel-nut, and learned of the spirits and their power over the lives of men.

Since they have no written language this is their only way of handing down from generation to generation the history of " the people of the first times," those ancestors whose customs must be followed always.

The " people of the first times " were very powerful; they annihilated time and space; they created human beings out of betel-nuts, and caused the magical increase of food and drink. The people of today cannot do all these things, but much magic is still practiced and nature is overcome.

Magical acts pervade all the ceremonies, curing sickness and producing growth and fertility. If a piece of charcoal attached to a notched stick is placed in the rice seed beds, the new leaves will turn the dark green color of sturdy plants. If a pig's head is cut off and thrown into a river that is overflowing its banks, the water will subside. The movements of lizards, the calls of birds, the livers of slain animals, all are anxiously watched for signs.

We seemed to be surrounded by a world of magic. To the Tinguian the line between the real and the fanciful is very thin.

The force which strikes terror to their hearts is *gamot,* or black magic. Its presence lurks in the shadows of their waking hours and haunts them in their dreams. It works evil by other than human means. They are helpless to combat it.

At first they evaded our questions when we touched upon the dread subject, but later they became more communicative, and in time our notebooks held the formulas by which we also might bring trouble and death to our enemies.

We learned that we could cause a person to become insane by taking a bit of dust from his footprint, or a bit of clothing, or even an article recently handled by him, and stirring it violently in a dish of water. It would require only a few hours for this treatment to take effect.

We could make a person lame by placing poison on articles recently touched by his feet.

Or we could cause one to be seized with fever by catching a fly, naming it after him, and putting it in a bamboo tube near the fire.

Even death could be produced by placing poison on one's garments. All the members of a family could be made to perish through magical chants and dances carried on beneath their house.

Gamot is terrifying. Against its spell the Tinguian are helpless. But there is still a possibility of securing revenge against the magic worker. If the victim dies, his relatives insert the heart of a pig in his mouth or stomach and bury him in the dead of night. Before daylight the grave is filled in; a high bamboo fence is erected about it, and a magical formula is said. The person responsible for the death will fall ill and is doomed to a horrible end unless he can thwart the vigilance of the watchers at the grave and secure a bit of the

victim's garments. Should he succeed in this, he could work counter-magic and be saved.

Bulakano was our good friend. He was always patient before our questions, and with a dignity which bespoke so well the honest satisfaction he felt in his beliefs, he made us acquainted with Kadaklan, the great spirit who lives up above, and who created the earth, the sun, moon, and stars.

"So powerful is he," said Bulakano, "that he seldom comes himself to talk to the people, but he sends the other spirits who are like servants to him."

With great tenderness the old man told us of Kaboniyan, the friend and helper of the people, the spirit who has taught them all they know, and who is always willing to help them when they are in trouble.

Little by little we discovered that these primitive people have a highly developed form of spiritism. More than one hundred and fifty spirits are known to them by name, and these spirits visit the people through mediums, who make their wishes known. The little houses we had seen here and there, the split bamboo poles, and the odd boxes, all had definite names, and were built and kept in repair in honor of certain powerful beings.

Alonen, who was a frequent visitor at our house, was a medium. She was more than thirty years old, she told us, before she was called by the spirits to her high office. Then one night she was seized with a fit of trembling when she was not cold, and she knew that she was "called." Many months she spent learning from the other mediums the details of the various ceremonies.

PLAYING THE NOSE FLUTE

She learned the prayers, word for word, and the gifts suitable for each spirit, for each ceremony must be conducted exactly as it was taught to "the people of the first times."

The price she must pay for her honor was dear. Never again would she be permitted to eat of wild carabao, wild pig, wild chicken, shrimp, or peppers — all prized articles of food — while the remuneration she received for her services was only a small portion of the sacrificial pig, a few bundles of rice, and some beads.

We asked Alonen if she did not sometimes wish she were not a medium so that she could eat of the forbidden food, but the shocked expression which came over her face made us realize our mistake. She had been "called" and she would not fail to perform her duties in a religious way.

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One day Siagon, who lived near us, was taken ill with severe pains in his stomach. He knew that this was a message from the spirits, commanding him to make the ceremony *dawak,* and he sent his wife for Alonen who happened to be at our house.

Alonen preceded us to his home, and when we arrived she had everything prepared ready to make the ceremony. On a mat in the center of the floor were betel-nuts, a coconut, a jar of *basi,* a headaxe, two spears, several bundles of rice and some thread, while just inside the door was a live pig, its feet bound and its mouth tied shut. Siagon, looking somewhat distressed,

lay on the floor near the mat, and many guests squatted about the room.

Alonen sat on the mat, and after taking a generous drink of *basi,* she held a plate high above her head and struck it with a shell to attract the attention of the spirits. Then she covered her face with her hands, and, swaying to and fro, she began to chant and wail, calling the spirits to enter her body. Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes stared far off, grew vague; the veins of her face and neck stood out; the muscles of her arms and legs tightened. The spirit had entered her body. She spoke, her voice strange:

"I am Labotan. It is my wish that blood and rice be placed on a headaxe and laid on the man's belly."

While men killed a chicken to secure the blood and carried out the spirit's command, Labotan, still inhabiting the body of the medium, talked with the people in the room casually. As soon as the headaxe bearing the blood and rice was on the sick man's stomach, the spirit addressed him:

"You must feed the pig some rice. If it eats, this is the right ceremony and you will get well."

But the pig refused to eat, and Labotan, expressing regret that he could not help, departed.

Alonen became herself again, and talked and laughed with the people for a few minutes. Presently she repeated the incantation to the spirits. She became possessed by Ibakinsogwan. He tied a rooster on one end of a spear and a bundle of rice on the other, and danced. But he immediately departed, taking no no-

tice of Siagon. Another spirit followed, Binongon, who directed that the pig be killed and its heart, still warm and pulsing, be put on the patient's belly. Some of its blood was to be rubbed on the wrist of each person in the room as a protection against sickness.

The spirit danced and sang and drank *basi* while these instructions were carried out. Then he went to Siagon, saying:

"You ate something forbidden. It is easy to cure you if the spirits have made you ill, but if someone is practicing magic, perhaps you will die." And with this hopeful message, he left.

Spirit after spirit came and possessed the medium, some asking questions concerning the patient and giving advice, others ignoring the sick man and discussing various matters with people in the room. After each departure, Alonen took a long drink of *basi* before she summoned another spirit. The ceremony continued far into the night.

The entrails of the slain pig were offered to the spirits, a choice cut of the meat was sent to our kitchen, and the remainder was cooked and served with rice to the guests. We returned to our own house to eat, which seemed to them quite proper, since we were accustomed to having food served on a table, and they had no table.

Early the next morning when we arrived at the ceremony, the room was dark, and we sat down on a bamboo bench along the wall. After watching the proceedings for some time, I felt a movement at the back of my feet, and discovered that I had been sitting on a

live pig. Notwithstanding that it was the sacrificial pig, I rather hastily changed my seat. Directly a spirit called for the pig, and it was hauled squealing from under the bench. It was so bound that it could not move, but lay quiet while the medium, muttering prayers, rubbed it with oil and placed betel-nut on its back. When she poured water into its ear, however, it made a sudden effort and shook its head. Alonen caught the water in her hand and rubbed it on Siagon.

"Go away, sickness, be thrown out as the water is thrown out of the pig's ear. Let this man be well, for he is following the custom," she said.

The next was an important occurrence. Two men took the pig out and killed it, while the people sat in great suspense, waiting for the liver to be brought in, since by it the spirits make known their wishes. A spotted liver is a very bad sign. Three old men carefully examined the organ, and when they had pronounced it unspotted, a sigh of relief went about the room. Siagon's prospects for recovery were bright. All day and until late at night the proceedings continued, each spirit making different demands.

The third day, Gipas, or the dividing, was the important event. An old man and the medium, possessed by a spirit, divided a live small pig between them, but by sly manipulation in the cutting, the old man managed to get a little more than she did. A betel-nut, beeswax, and a lead sinker tied together with a string were divided by cutting, but again the man received a little more than his share. Betel-nut rolled in leaf was then given

to the pair to chew, and while the two pieces looked alike, the leaf secured by the old man was spread with lime so that his spittle was a bright red and that of the spirit was colorless. Thus in all cases the human being came out victor over the spirit who sought the man's life. His recovery was then assured.

During the three days of the ceremony Alonen, though she drank great quantities of *basi*, was sane and sober, carrying out all the details in an exact manner, and acting the part of each spirit as it possessed her body. But the following morning, when we sought her, we found her lying on the floor in one corner of her house, dead to the world. Nor did she awaken for a day and a night.

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The second night she came to our house, bringing Siagon, now fully recovered. As we sat in the candlelight — Bulakano, Bacilio, Siagon and ourselves — she talked far into the night of her magical art and the mysterious methods by which she cured illness.

"Many, many years ago," said Alonen, "people did not know how to cure sickness as they now do, and many died who might have been made well. At that time there lived in Kaalang a woman named Dayapan who had been sick for seven years. One day when Dayapan went to bathe in the river, the good spirit, Kaboniyan, entered her body and told her that if she would be well, she must make a ceremony. The woman wondered much, but she went to her home, and when

she was ready to make the ceremony, the spirit again entered her body and showed her just what to do. He taught her to build the spirit house, *balaoa,* the gifts to prepare for the different spirits, the prayers she must chant, and the acts she must perform. When Dayapan had learned all these things and had been made well, Kaboniyan, commanded her to go to bathe in the river and to take with her a dog and a cock. She went to the river and tied the dog and the cock near the water, but while she was bathing, the dog ate the cock. Dayapan wept bitterly at this and waited a long time for the spirit to come. When finally he appeared, he said, 'This is a sign. If the dog had not eaten the cock, no person would die when you make this ceremony, but now some will die and some will get well.' "

Then Alonen leaned far forward, her eyes shining, her face working.

"This," she declared, "is how we know all these things to do and it is as the spirit said: 'some die and some get well.'"

A cluck from Bulakano, an "Amen," as it were, gave his stamp of approval to all Alonen had said. We had been very near the unreal world and Bulakano had been our guide. To him a religious ceremony and a headhunt were of equal interest.

CHAPTER 5

The Spirit Takes a Head

TO the Tinguian, all time is alike; they never hurry. They would come to our house and sit for a day or a week; whereas we felt compelled to make up each hour lost, and we worked late at night on notes and records.

Gradually, however, we became imbued with the spirit of the country; and as we came to feel more and more the quiet beauty of their wonderworld, we, too, felt a desire to escape time. But watches ticked off the hours and the calender reminded us of the passing of the days.

Our social duties were many. If we were at home we always had guests — guests who were as interested in us as we were in them, and who left usually only by invitation.

Much time was consumed, too, in attending religious ceremonies, for the Tinguian pay off most of their obligations to the spirits during the dry season. Ceremonies are made for the repairing of old structures as well as for the building of new spirit dwellings. More sickness occurs at this season, and various other signs from the immortals denote their desire for food and reverence.

Some of the ceremonies lasted only a few hours, while others continued for several days, and *sayang,* when the largest spirit house was built, lasted for seventeen days and nights. I enjoyed the daytime services best. In the light the Tinguian does not fear many of the spirits. He laughs with them, pokes fun at them, and even cheats them in the ceremonies, but at night he is no match for unseen beings, and each door and window is tightly closed to keep them out.

I shall never forget those nights when we talked with the spirits. We would sit in a small room with every door and window barred. Brown skinned men and women squatted around us, smoking green tobacco. So tight-packed we were there was no room for one more. And in the dim light I could see bright eyes of lizards in the thatched roof. Brown men, brown women, crowded into a tiny hut in the midst of a dark jungle.

In the center of the hut sat the medium, swaying back and forth, chanting her shrill prayers. She would call the spirits one after another. A strange agitation filled the room, an agitation communicated from the natives to us.

At the end of the ceremony a singed pig was brought and the guests pushed closer together in order to make room for it on the floor.

A headaxe glittered in the dim light. For a moment it rested on the throat of the victim. Then a deft swing of the arm and the animal was disemboweled. Blood flowed over the bamboo floor and dripped through the cracks. The odor of scorched flesh filled the air.

THE ORCHESTRA PLAYING FOR THE DANCE

THE VILLAGE OF LACUB — (Extreme Right) OVERLOOKS THE MOUNTAIN VALLEY

At that stage it was necessary that we possess either a deep religious fervor or a great love for the science of anthropology or we should have burst through the thatch mats over the windows and fled.

Mysterious things happened. One night a boy died. His head had been taken by the spirit, the medium said. To the Tinguian this appeared no more mysterious than any other occurrence. Black Magic we could never understand, just as the natives could never thwart it.

It happened at *bakid,* a ceremony given by Dapeg who had recently completed a new house. The day before a large lizard had crawled up one of the posts into his dwelling. This, they said, was a direct message from Kaboniyan, demanding that a ceremony be made. Abas was the medium in charge. Rattan cord was stretched across one end of the room. Upon the cord were hanging a number of skirts, belts, blankets, a fish net and several hair switches. These things, she told us, were to protect Dapeg and his family, for if a spirit decided to harm them it would first have to count all the articles on the line — the holes in the net, the hairs in the switches. Even an immortal would be powerless until he had completed that task. The lizard messenger had been captured and Abas massaged it with oil and tied a red bead to its leg before she released it to go back to its master.

During the ceremony I noticed a dark-eyed boy, called Abbeng, who sat watching the proceedings with feverish interest. He was a consumptive and we had talked with him many times. I noticed him particu-

larly that night as he sat there in the dim light watching the medium.

When the sacrificial pig was killed its liver was found to be spotted, therefore it could not be offered to the spirits. But the spotted liver did not deter the people from eating the animal. A great feast took place while the spirits waited for a second pig to be caught.

It grew late. The hut was stifling. The smell of human bodies was almost unbearable. The lights flickered. Abas was possessed by one spirit after another. A sportive spirit caused her to dance, holding high above her head a dish of oil containing red beads. When she had finished she placed the dish upon the floor and to the surprise of everyone the beads had disappeared. Then she cried out that she was an Igorot, and she spoke in a dialect unfamiliar to her hearers, and did an Igorot dance. Suddenly she shrieked that she was possessed by Amangau, a head hunting spirit. A long-drawn-out moan went up from the assemblage. She begun to dance, swaying back and forth, her eyes closed, sweat running down her brown body.

Suddenly there was a brilliant flash of lightning. The natives screamed out in fear. Abas fell groveling upon the floor. The flash was terrifying, for the night was calm and the moonlight lay all around us. There was a long pause. Abas sat on her haunches, and said in a toneless voice:

"I have just taken the head of Abbeng, from Luluno, and the people of my spirit village are even now dancing about his skull."

It was Abbeng, the consumptive, of whom she had spoken. He had been in the hut with us but now he was gone. We rose in a body and went to look for him. In his bamboo hut we found him lying dead. He had died from a hemorrhage. His body was still warm.

The natives accepted his death as a matter-of-fact occurrence, but I shivered, there in the tropical moonlight. When we questioned Abas the next day she could give us no explanation, but shrugged her shoulders. And Bulakano, when we questioned him, only shook his head.

"*Gamot,*" he said.

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When Siagon, who had more rich rice fields than any of his neighbors, announced that he was about to make *sayung,* we had visions of long days and nights, not eating or sleeping. *Sayung* was the greatest social and religious occurrence in Tinguian life, the supreme event, which could be celebrated by only a few families, those who had the hereditary right. We did not want to miss a single session, but going to church day and night, week days and Sunday, is strenuous; and we were not able, like the Tinguian, to do our sleeping by wholesale at the close of a function. So we decided to take turns. One of us attended every session, and when we could, both went.

Five mediums were used, two men and three women. The ceremony never lagged. First, great quantities of rice were pounded out ready to be cooked

for the guests. In the morning all the women of the village gathered with their pestles and mortars; they danced as they worked, the striking of the pestles against the mortars beating the rhythm. The men brought the material for the *balaoa*, split the bamboo, and prepared the thatch, while the medium carefully inspected the work of each to see that the custom laid down by their ancestors was not violated.

Everything distasteful to the spirits was taken out of the house — wild ginger, peppers, shrimps, and carabao flesh, for none of these could be used for a month after the *balaoa* had been built.

From time to time the mediums summoned different spirits and their wishes were carried out. Sometimes the evening events took place indoors, but usually a fire was built in the yard and the people all gathered around. One played on a nose flute; another sang the praises of our host and his various guests; often they danced *tadek*. This dance, always accompanied by the compelling music of copper gongs and a wooden drum, was performed by a man and woman, each holding a cloth at arm length in front. They faced each other as they danced. When either snapped the cloth the performance was over, and a new partner was chosen. My husband became quite popular in this dance and was often chosen by the women. He became skillful in dancing it outdoors, but in the house it was more difficult and he found it necessary to remove his shoes, dancing in his stocking feet on the bamboo floor.

Tadek might be done anytime, but *daeing* was never danced in daylight. It was without music except the strange chant we had heard so often in the stillness of the night. A row of girls, arms interlaced, sang as they danced toward a row of boys, retreated again; the boys repeated the dance, till finally they formed a circle, and skipped lock-step. It was watched with reverence and lacked the joviality of *tadek*, but the dancers became exhilarated.

As the days went on, the performances grew more and more elaborate by day and they danced later each night. On the fifteenth night they did not rest at all. At five o'clock in the morning we followed them to the entrance of the town where they gathered around the *pinaing*, those peculiarly shaped guardian stones of the village. If proper offerings were made to them at the time of the ceremonies or when the men were about to make a raid, the stones would protect the people in the town. So now Alonen, chanting a prayer, rubbed the top of each stone with oil and tied yellow bands around their "heads." The musicians played on the gongs and drums while she stroked and chanted over the sacrificial pig and later placed its entrails on a bamboo table near the stones. A betel-nut prepared for chewing was given each stone, she scattered rice mixed with blood, calling on the spirits, all the spirits, to come and eat.

The stones looked very inoffensive at that time, but the people showed them great respect. One day, Bulakano told us, when the men were preparing to go on a

fight, they went there to dance and a red rooster with long tail feathers came out of one stone and walked among them till they stopped dancing, when it again entered the rock.

"Since then," he said, "a white cock sometimes comes out while we dance, and we always make offerings to it."

Before we left this land, we crept out one dark night while the village slept, and when we returned one of these guardian stones was securely wrapped in many layers of cloth and packed deep in a duffle sack. It now protects the Tinguian collection in Field Museum from evil spirits, but I have never heard of a red rooster nor a white one issuing from it since it came to Chicago.

Besides the more serious rites at this ceremony, as at the others, there was great feasting on the many pigs slaughtered. We were always served next to the spirits, but with the utmost consideration for our peculiar habits they did not ask us to join them at the feasts but sent choice pieces of the sacrificial pigs to our house. As we did not eat Philippine pork, Juan and Bacilio, who were less fastidious about such things, had great feasts, and Juan said, laughing, "Missie, I like spirit food very much."

Following the *sayang* ceremony things were very quiet for several days. The mediums, and the many guests who had consumed great quantities of *basi*, slept, and we had some rest ourselves. We had had a clear insight into Tinguian belief and were saturated with

the atmosphere of their spirit world. Some of the celestials who had come to the ceremony had been laughed at; they made fun of them, cheated them in the offerings, but some of them had been held in great respect, most of them in awe, and their advice had been eagerly listened to. Siagon had offered gifts of food and drink, whatever the spirits wished. He had conducted the ceremony in the manner demanded, and having done these things he expected the spirits to repay him by granting benefits which would be useful to him.

The Tinguian's religion holds no threat of punishment in a future world. Nor does it offer any reward to urge men on to better deeds. To follow the customs of their ancestors is their faith. There are no questions of theology, no doubts, no fears. Yet every act of their daily life is influenced by the impelling belief that to change the customs is to show disrespect for the dead and for the spirits.

While they are so particular in carrying out the customs of their ancestors minutely, headhunting, one of their most vital customs, is undergoing a change.

Formerly, Bulakano told us, it was necessary, after the death of an adult for the men of the village to go on a headhunt to secure companions and slaves for the dead man. Until they had done this, the relatives of the deceased were not allowed to wear good clothes or to take part in any festivals.

"To remove this taboo," said Bulakano, "we put on white headbands, armed ourselves, danced before the *pinaing* (guardian stones), and then went forth to at-

tack a hostile village or to ambush an unsuspecting foe. Thus we were able to furnish companions for the dead."

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Apparently it is no longer considered absolutely necessary among the Tinguian to supply companions in this way, and the main object of headhunts now is to pay off old scores.

A raid was justifiable and necessary to the village in which the death had occurred, but by the raided settlement it was considered an unprovoked attack, a challenge, an insult which had to be avenged. So today, while it may not be necessary to supply companions for the dead, there are debts of blood to be paid off. A town which has lost more heads than it has taken is in duty bound to even up the score. Feuds run through many years.

The deceased, though, do not always approve of the change. While we were in Manabo, word came through a constabulary officer that Bangui, in Ilocos Norte, was terrorized over several attempts to kill people of that settlement. It was whispered that when a leading man, who had recently died, was placed in his coffin, his right hand had suddenly raised up with four fingers extended. This, it was said, was a demand on the part of the dead for four companions, and the subsequent attacks on the villagers were thought to be due to the activities of the bereaved family, who sought to carry out the wishes of the deceased.

The old men never tired of recounting the stories

of their exploits, of the raids they had made, and the heads they had taken. It was evident that the esteemed place they held in their village was due to their acts of bravery in warfare. To say of a man, "He has fought in the village of the enemy," was to place him socially.

We could not encourage their indulgence in a fight for our benefit, but we should have liked to witness the ceremony following a successful fight. So far as known only one white man has had that opportunity, and that was many years ago.

Paul de la Gironiere, a French traveler, was then an unwilling participant in a celebration held over the heads of four Alzados whom the Tinguian had killed in battle. According to his account, men from Manabo had a part in this victory, and so one day my husband told Bulakano to summon the old men and he would read them a story about their fathers. That evening our house was filled with old men and warriors, young boys, women, and girls, all eager to hear what a white man had written of the prowess of their people.

Slowly my husband read the account:

"Upon their return to the village, the warriors were formally met at the gate by their relatives who held two ladders in ∧ shape, thus forming a pathway over which each had to climb."

Nods from the old men assured us that that was correct, and the reading continued.

"Once inside the town, the four heads were placed

on bamboo spikes, and for three days were exhibited beside the gate. In the meantime messages were sent to friendly villages to invite the people to the celebration."

More nods of assent, and then my husband went on, telling how, on the morning of the last day, the heads were carried to the center of the village where, amid great rejoicing, the men sang the praises of the victors and examined the skulls of their victims. Then one by one, the skulls were split open and the brains taken out and handed to young girls who were waiting. They stirred the brains in jars of *basi* and served the drink, first to the chiefs, then to the champions, and finally to all the warriors.

At this stage Bulakano and the other old men grew quite excited.

"No, no," they exclaimed, "he did not tell it all. They also add the lobes of the ears and the joints of the little fingers to the *basi* they are to drink. This imparts to the warriors the valor of the men they have slain."

"Then they dance and sing," continued Bulakano, "and before they go home the skulls are broken up into small pieces. A piece is given to each guest to take home to remind him of the valor of the takers."

At this stage the conversation became so general that there was no necessity of reading further; of the feelings of the French guest when the warriors passed the liquor containing the brains, of the deathly illness that seized him as the cup approached, of the desperate

effort he made in drinking the potion, to have refused which might have cost him his life.

It was a successful evening, and as he rose to go, Bulakano affectionately stroked the cover of the book which told " the story of the ancestors."

CHAPTER 6

Deeper into the Mountains

SEVERAL times we had mentioned to Bulakano that we intended to go farther back into the mountains to visit some other villages, and that Bacooc would be our first stop. Each time he had looked disturbed and had assured us that it must not be done. He had even given us that alarming warning which we had received from the people of Bangued: "Only your name would come back to the village."

In our discussions all bad acts were "like the men of Bacooc." *Gamot* was "practiced by the men of Bacooc"; altogether, the reputation of those people was evil.

The ruggedness of the country and the long rainy season has a strong influence on the people, chiefly in isolating them in small groups. High mountains separate the narrow valleys and these, together with the lack of water transportation, have tended to keep the people in small communities, while the practice of headhunting has been a barrier to free communication. Knowing little of one another, fear and suspicion have grown, till each is more or less afraid of all the others.

The faces of our friends in Manabo showed consternation when finally we told them our plans. They begged us not to go.

THE SLUMS

Even a Tinguian village has its poorer class which dwells in less desirable houses than the "rich"

BIRD SCARERS

Split bamboo sticks are planted at intervals in the fields of growing rice. These are fastened together by a rattan line, one end of which leads to a watch house. From time to time the watcher pulls the cord, causing the poles to rattle and thus keep the birds from eating the grain

"The people of those mountains are very bad," they declared, "they will take your horses and your heads."

It was not a pleasant promise, but we packed our few belongings. Then began the difficulties of getting carriers. They were willing to go with us, but they were afraid to come back alone. Their sense of propriety was over-shadowed by the fear of losing their heads.

Finally the headman of Bacooc came to see us and we told him that we could not consider paying his town a visit unless he would send carriers to meet us halfway. He promised to do so. Ever since his former visit, he had been telling his people about us, and now he could take no chances on missing our much advertised visit.

Just at sunrise we left Manabo. Bulakano, as he raised our hands to his face, showed concern and sorrow. The whole town gathered to see us off. Both they and we were sorry. They had been most interesting to us, and we had added greatly to their pleasures. Never since they were born, they declared, had they seen anything to equal us. And we might have said the same of them! As we rode out of the village, they shouted their good-byes and waved the tin cans we had added to their wealth.

We have had more cultured friends, but never more kindly ones.

It was nearing the close of the dry season. On several afternoons we had seen dark clouds gathering over the mountains and had heard Kadaklan playing on his big drum, as he did in stormy weather. Occasion-

ally we had seen his dog, Kimat, the lightning, dash through the clouds. Perhaps he was biting some tree or striking a house far up in those mountains, for in that way Kadaklan makes known to mortals his wishes.

But the rains had not yet come to the valley of the Abra. After six months of drought, the ground was parched and cracked, and the sun was scorching hot.

At noon we stopped beneath the spreading branches of a mango tree to rest our horses, and eat our lunch. It was a glaring land, and hot; still as death. Not a leaf stirred, not a bird called, not a cricket chirped. All live things slept. But the beating sun penetrated the thick foliage and made sleep impossible for us. When we rode on, we welcomed the unbridged streams, where, unmindful of shoes, we dragged our feet in the cool water and were, for a little time at least, refreshed.

Towards sundown the trail became almost a ditch, its sides topped with cacti forming an arch above our heads. For half a mile we dodged the long thorns, till it ended abruptly in a settlement of bamboo houses, the village of Bacooc.

The people came out to take our horses. They brought us green coconuts from which they cut the ends with their long knives, and we drank the cool juice. The water in the canteens was gone, and there was no chance for more till Juan had boiled and cooled it over night in big earthen jars hung in the breeze. Coconut water was at least safe and wet.

In the meantime the headman moved his lares and penates out of the best house which, at that, was very

poor. It swayed on its post foundations as we wearily climbed the ladder and our cargo was deposited on its thin floor, but it offered us a cool and comfortable welcome. After a time in the glaring heat of outdoors, there is restfulness in a bamboo house, however poor it may be. The overhanging grass roof shuts out the light, and there are no draperies nor stuffy furniture to hinder the cool drafts that filter through the cracks in the walls and the slats of the floor.

These slats were very thin and unless we walked gingerly, they cracked beneath our heels, making holes through which things slid to the ground below. This always resulted in a mad scramble while someone rushed down the ladder to secure the lost article before it was grabbed up by the chickens, the pigs, or the children. My husband had one unfortunate experience just before we retired. He dropped his toothbrush, and some evil spirit waiting beneath made away with it. It was never found and for the rest of the trip he had to forego that luxury.

We were glad when we had eaten the meal which Juan prepared. The carriers finished pumping up the mattresses, and then Bacilio informed our visitors that the show was over for the night. They reluctantly withdrew. We crawled wearily beneath our nets; but we got little sleep. The horses, tied for greater safety under the house, fought from time to time all night; pigs scratched their backs against the posts, and the house shook; babies in nearby houses cried; in the distance we could hear the beat of drums and gongs.

In the morning when I opened my eyes, a wizened old woman stood gazing down at me. She was naked to the waist and her thin wrinkled body bent forward as she strained her dim eyes to make us out. When I smiled, her face beamed, her toothless mouth opened, she jabbered and gestured. A baby was very sick, and she had come to get things she had left in the rafters when she moved out hurriedly the night before. She was about to make a ceremony for the child.

We told her that as soon as we could dress and eat our breakfast we would go to the child, too. She seated herself at once in the doorway and was soon joined by several others who watched us make our toilets.

When we arrived at the home of the sick child, we found a medium already on the spirit mat making the ceremony, *dawak*. It did not differ greatly from ceremonies we had seen before until Sabak, our old acquaintance of the morning, came in with an image of a child about six inches high, made from the pith of a banana stalk. She sat down with this at one end of the mat and handed the medium a miniature bow and arrow. The medium, possessed by a spirit, tried to shoot the image representing the sick child, but each time Sabak protected it with a tiny shield, so that no arrow pierced it. The image was then handed over to the medium and from then on it represented the child of the spirit. Sabak took her turn at shooting, and each time the arrows lodged firmly in the pithy figure, thus proving to the spirit that her own child would be afflicted if she did not cease troubling the mortal one. The child's recovery

was then assured, but to show our kindliness toward the immortals, we lent our feeble assistance by administering a dose of castor oil.

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Bacooc was a poor town with its houses, small and old, built close together, and carabao wallows where streets ought to be; but it had a delightful setting. On one side tall betel trees separated it from green rice terraces, while on the other, thick jungle led off down the mountain side. Here in a cove of fern-covered banks, a bamboo aqueduct brought water from a clear stream. On the flat rocks the women washed their clothes, bathed, scoured the wooden plates, and discussed their strange guests. We knew that we were queer and we did not wonder when ambitious parents brought their offspring and pointed at us, admonishing them never to forget these sights they had seen in their youth. These people, who were so feared by the people below, were as friendly and hospitable as the hosts we had just left.

The making of anthropological measurements is an endless task, since such a great number of people must be measured before the records are of any scientific value. It is very tiresome. The accuracy with which they must be made proves a bore to the native, who can never understand the reason for having those cold steel instruments punched against his head, his eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

At Bacooc, however, the ordeal became a function at which all the elect of the village assembled, adding

zest to the otherwise dull process. We were reminded of an old-fashioned revival meeting. Juan played the phonograph till a crowd had assembled and were in a happy mood. Then Bacilio went through the crowd, urging them to come forward, while my husband held the instruments and looked inviting. When they were persuaded he took the testimony in the form of measurements, and I wrote it down. If interest began to lag, Juan started the machine with one of their favorite records, and they were sure to be revived. Meals were forgotten; work was neglected; everyone was attending our services. In fact, so many actually wanted to be measured, that each night found us exhausted.

When the time came that we were ready to move to Licuan, the people begged us not to go, declaring that the men of Licuan were very bad. They did not know that we had been told the same about them. The difficulty of securing carriers was as great as before. Had it not been for our guns to reassure them, I suppose we should have been there yet. At last, however, sixteen men were secured, and just as the sun tinged the mountain tops, we rode out of Bacooc. The people declared that we would come back, as we never would be able to make the steep and rocky trail to Licuan.

No sooner had we passed the rice fields than we began to climb the mountain. The trail was so steep that we clung to the horses' manes. Finally riding was impossible, and Mauricio, Juan's assistant, led my horse while I climbed on foot. He made a strange picture as he and the horse leaped from one rock to another, for at

each jump three feathery forms bounced up about his head. Far-sighted Juan had been able to purchase in Bacooc three extra chickens, and not wishing to take any chances on the supply in Licuan, he had insisted on Mauricio carrying the chickens on his shoulder. They flopped and squawked till one of them succumbed, much to Juan's distress. He not only needed that chicken, but he had paid fifteen cents for it.

At times we could see our carriers winding snake-like far above us. Again, when they stopped to rest, we caught up with them. At the foot of one sharp incline, each man picked up a small stone, and we did likewise, carrying it in our hands, though we knew not why. At the top, however, was a great mound made up of pebbles left through many years by weary travelers who drop here their stones "to take away the tiredness." We dropped ours, as the carriers did, and when we started on, after a short rest in the bracing air, we felt wonderfully refreshed.

The view from the heights was striking. On all sides we saw the rolling mountains, seeming to pile one upon another; the bare spots here and there were green with thick grass which had sprung up quickly after the early rains; the valleys were dark with shrubs and trees. But it was no time to admire the scenery, for far below we could see the river we had forded early, and the mottled brown patch on its bank was the village of Bacooc.

By stopping often to adjust the saddles, we were able to ride much of the way down. By noon we had reached a river where we ate lunch in a shaded spot, the

waters rushing past through great rocks. The trail along the stream proved harder even than that over the mountain. Rocky cliffs on both sides drove us to the narrow stony banks at the river's edge. We were forced to cross and recross many times on the slippery boulders in the river bed. After making our way slowly for two hours the trail led over another mountain. This proved hardest and longest. It was only occasionally that we came to a spot level enough to stop for breath. Most of the way we pulled ourselves up by catching hold of shrubbery. It was impossible to stop.

Near the top the narrow path wound about the mountain. On our right was a drop of several hundred feet. There below us, so far that we could hear no sound, the river beat against the rocks, the swift spray settling through white foam. The tired carriers begged us to stop, they said that we could not reach our destination that night; but far up the river we could see green fields and a clump of coconut palms, — the village. We pushed on, though no strength was left in us.

At length came a steep descent along the narrow edge of a cliff. A short ride through rice fields brought us to the village of Licuan. It was strangely silent, utterly deserted. A bamboo cord stretched around the town was the ominous warning that it was taboo. White men who lose their lives at the hands of primitive people do so, frequently, by breaking taboo. It may be only some simple device, but it is decreed by custom to be stronger than iron bars. This was only a bamboo cord, but it meant " Keep Out! " Had we gone through, it is

probable that only our names would have returned to our friends. Weary as we were, we followed the cord until we came to a bamboo arch erected over the gateway. Fresh flowers and branches decorated the arch, while on either side, bamboo spears reached out to pierce any evil spirit which might try to enter. An ominous stillness pervaded the place as we rode beneath the arch into the town; no living thing appeared. Bamboo shutters covered the windows. Raised house ladders denoted that the occupants were not at home. It was a situation we did not know how to meet. The frightened faces of the carriers were not reassuring. Finally, however, three men appeared who told us that smallpox and mountain cholera were raging nearby and the people had deserted the town and fled to the mountains. These men had erected the arch for the spirits, and had fortified the place against sickness with the bamboo cord. They opened up the house of the headman, and we moved in, too weary to care whether the evil spirits got us or not.

During the next few days many of the people returned to their homes, and doubtless, the excitement, the interest in our doings did much to dispel their fears of the diseases. News of the pneumatic mattresses spread into the mountains, and they came, begging to see them. When we lifted the blankets, they touched them gingerly, declaring that the spirits must breathe in them. Evil spirits, they must have seemed to the carriers who had to pump them up.

It was a lovely spot, surrounded by high moun-

tains. Across the river, just above flood water, was a stone wall four or five feet high, back of which the mountain had been cut away, forming a terrace now set with green rice. Back of this was another wall and terrace, and continuing up the mountain side for four hundred feet, masses of bright green, for the rains had come to the mountains early. The terraces made wave above wave of vivid green, finally giving way to yellow billows of the cogon grass that covered the mountain tops.

At night we sat on the bamboo platform between the kitchen and the house and ate dinner off the packing box that served as table. Bright moonlight filtered through the coconut palms above our heads. The river roared below. Life was pleasant, even though curious faces peered at us from the darkness and smallpox and cholera took toll nearby.

Bacilio seemed afraid for his life. He slept with his bolo under his head, but Juan's eyes twinkled as he held his head and said, " Missie, I'm very 'fraid." Juan was a good sport. He had humor, too.

One morning I went to the river with my diary, only to neglect it as I became interested in watching some women across the river in a field which had been plowed but was not yet set with the young rice plants. I did not realize at first that they were fishing, as they walked about in the muddy water; but I finally discovered that they were stirring up with their feet little fish which, during the dry season, had lain dormant in the ground. Now, since the water had been turned on, they had come to life. With little nets the women

scooped up these fish and put them in slender-necked baskets which hung from their waists. Since they had no foot finery to soil and were not afraid of snakes, it was a simple and economical way of doing one's marketing. No Tinguian asked any better fare than these little fish mixed with rice.

While I was engrossed in this economic process, I was startled by a loud clapping behind me and turned quickly to behold a strange sight. Bamboo poles split at the top stood upright at short intervals in the field of growing rice, and as I looked at them they began to shake violently, making a great clatter. Flocks of frightened birds rose from the rice and flew away. All was then quiet. The poles were still again. No human being was in sight, save the women across the river, and I was beginning to wonder if there could be spirits in those poles, or if my nerves were playing me a trick, when another clapping brought me to my feet.

As soon as the birds had darted away, I walked through the green plants, sinking at every step into the the soft ooze, till I came to a pole. I found a rattan cord connecting the poles, and from here I could see, at some distance, a small grass-roofed house where a man sat holding the end of the cord. From time to time he gave a sudden jerk, setting up the loud clatter throughout the field and frightening away the hundreds of robbers. All day he sat here, with the birds making raids on his crops, and he struggling to discourage them.

The people of Licuan work harder for their rice than do the Tinguian down in the valleys; but they

have finer bodies, with smooth muscles, rounded and hardened by a life of mountain climbing.

One of the finest examples of a well-developed physique I have ever seen was Abacus who, though still young, was already a powerful man in Licuan. His name means "worthless," but many times we were convinced that it was a misnomer. When he was a baby, he told us, evil spirits had possessed him, and he was sickly. His parents did not know what to do, so a council of the old men was called, and it was decided that the evil spirits must be outwitted. One day, when they were sure that the spirits would see them, Abacus' parents took him outdoors and threw him on a rubbish heap. Returning to the house without him, they felt sure that the spirits would be convinced that they did not want him any more. After some time a neighbor woman picked him up, took him to her own house where she kept him until after dark, then secretly returned him to his parents. He was renamed Abacus in memory of the event, and the spirits, not recognizing him as the same child, ceased to trouble him. Now Abacus was big, strong and handsome, wearing only a bark headband and a clout. He was proud of his strength and of his prowess with the spear and headaxe. I always felt safe when he was among the body-guard at the foot of our house ladder.

When we began making plans to move on to Lacub, we heard the same tales we had heard of Bacooc and Licuan: they were very bad people and we should lose our heads. Again the carriers were afraid, but Abacus

was not. He assured us that he would have them there when the morning came.

A little before sunrise we were ready, having said good-bye to each man, woman, and child, all of whom looked happier than when we had first seen them. I did not take the reins as I mounted Chico, the old white horse I was riding, for since we had left Manabo, he had never been known to move without the aid of a whip. Having had no exercise for a long time had made Chico a different horse. Scarcely had I struck the saddle than he whirled, gave a plunge, and we were off. The startled natives scattered right and left. We might have had a wild ride, had it not been for that bamboo cord around the town to keep the cholera out. Surely spirits and cholera could mean nothing to Chico. Still, when he came to that cord he hesitated, and I was able to reach the reins. Then with rebellious determination, he plunged through the cord before I could pull him back. I did not look back as we sped down the trail.

I have often wondered if the cholera got in before the cord could be repaired.

CHAPTER 7

The Omen Bird Calls

WITH the carriers in the lead we were following a winding trail along the river. Suddenly every carrier halted. They looked around, alarmed, and put down their loads quickly. Presently they were a huddled group, whispering nervously. Bacilio jumped off his horse and ran up to them, but no sooner had he pushed his way among them than he forgot us entirely. He became the leader of the excited whispering.

We waited uneasily. Finally we were relieved to see Abacus coming toward us. He looked distressed, and did not smile as he spoke to us. Labeg, the omen bird, he said, had called "*Awit, awit*" (to carry, to carry) near the trail. They must return immediately to their homes for the call of Labeg was a portent that one of them would die and have to be carried back.

It was a serious situation. We were only a half hour from the village, but we would have the ordeal of unpacking and re-packing the next day if we returned. We tried to convince Abacus that the call of the omen bird had been a mistake, that they had imagined it, but no! Abacus had heard it, Bacilio had heard it, the carriers had heard it! The sign could not be mistaken. They were deaf to persuasion.

MOUNTAIN-SIDE RICE TERRACES OF NORTHERN LUZON

MANOWANG WITH HIS TRUSTY HEADAXE

My husband had an idea. Was there no way, he asked, of appeasing the spirits so they would allow us to go on in safety? At first they would not listen to such a suggestion. Then they debated it among themselves heatedly, while we waited, reflecting resignedly, that the question was after all perhaps as vital as conventional debate questions.

They agreed finally that if we killed a chicken and found its liver unspotted, they would feel safe to continue the journey. So we sent back to the village for a chicken which, happily, produced a good liver. The spirits would give us passports.

The sun grew scorching. We waited while they cooked and ate the fowl, and watched them mix its blood with cooked rice which they scattered for the immortals. Then we moved on, our appreciation for the songs of birds lapsing for the time.

The path up the mountain was steep and rough. The horses stumbled often and their hides glistened with sweat before we reached the top. But once on top we lay on a bed of pine needles and listened to the subdued murmuring among the branches overhead. Below was a gorgeous view — mountain ranges, one after another, stretching away until their converging outlines faded into a blue sea of haze. For miles the trail followed a narrow ridge. We looked below us on either side and drew back, dizzy. Space dropped away a thousand feet from the trail. We looked on a virgin land, unknown to the civilized world. In that moment we felt an understanding, though imperfect, for the people who

resented, even took the heads of those who would invade it.

The carriers, their apprehension of the morning forgotten, were in a happy mood, and while we lunched, two of them climbed a high tree and imitated monkeys, leaping and chattering. Abacus' strength was always an inspiration to them, and though he carried a double load, he was always the first to start on after a halt.

The descent was slippery and uneven, and we made no better time than we had climbing. As our fatigue increased the mountains which, in the morning, had seemed so beautiful, took on the shapes of defiant monsters. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of Lacub, the village below us, and when, at last, we reached some rice fields, it seemed that our troubles were over. But an hour later we were still searching for a descent from these fertile terraces, over which the horses could pass.

The people of Lacub welcomed us as cordially as we had been welcomed in the other towns, and next day when the carriers, reassured, left for Licuan, they were given an invitation to come again.

Had we not sacrificed the chicken, I shall always feel that my husband might have been the victim of the omen bird's call. As it was, he had an accident which resulted, fortunately, only in the loss of some skin, a lame shoulder, and injured feelings.

He and Bacilio had been out one day to some villages not far from Lacub collecting material, and on the way back my husband, trying to take a short cut, squeezed through an opening in a fence which he did

not know had been made for wild pigs. The ground looked firm, but as his feet touched it there was a crackling, a confusion of twigs and leaves, and he found himself at the bottom of a pit seven feet deep. These wild pig traps usually have sharp bamboo sticks stuck thickly on the bottom, but this one had none, and he got only bruises and light scratches. By bracing his hands and knees against the walls, he climbed out painfully. He sat down, perspiring and exhausted, to recuperate. Starting to leave, he looked down into the pit again. His hat lay on the bottom. You cannot go hatless in the tropics, so my husband climbed into the pit and again strenuously climbed out. Perhaps we should have sacrificed two chickens.

Hunting and fishing are here more of a sport than a necessity, for though game is always relished, it does not furnish an important part of the food supply. The mountain slopes are covered chiefly with cogan grass, and only in the ravines and on the few wooded mountains are deer and pigs and wild carabao found.

The ground beneath a large lumboy tree which stood just outside Lacub was covered with black, cherry-like fruit that had grown over-ripe and fallen, and often at night the wild pigs came here for a feast. The natives set traps, but caught only two pigs, both so small that their backs were still covered with brownish-red stripes. All the wild pigs and many of the domesticated are born with these stripes running lengthwise along their backs; by the time they are full grown the stripes have disappeared.

One day Juan promised to assist the trappers with the rifle. He sat up in the tree half the night, and shot a fine young pig which he roasted on spits over a fire in the yard. It created great interest; the hungry natives sang his praises, while they squatted around the fire, making careful note of his cooking methods.

My husband was not so successful. We were hungry for fresh meat, and one late afternoon we went with some men to hunt deer. Some distance from the village, on a slope leading down to the stream, was a bald spot that had been burned over and was now covered with fresh grass. The men stationed themselves where they could overlook this spot. Just as it was growing dusk a buck and doe came out of the ravine to feed on the tender grass. It was not an easy mark in the dim light and he overshot. The frightened deer disappeared at once into a thicket.

That night as we sat around the bonfire, the men sang the *daleng,* verse after verse bantering the American about his marksmanship. In the morning, they claimed, they would go out with their snares and catch some wild chickens.

They carried out their claim, indeed: before noon they came in with the toughest fowl I have ever tried to eat. These chickens seldom fly, but run through the tall grass and underbrush, and are caught in nets stretched in their runways, or with snares. In the center of a square space they had tied a rooster, surrounding him with slip nooses. Then they hid themselves and waited. The crowing of the cock attracted another ancient cock

and they started fighting at once, but the challenger was cut short immediately with a noose around his neck. He was a gorgeously colored bird, but he should have been allowed to enjoy the last days of his old age.

* * * * * * * *

At Lacub we met Manowang, as fine a character as we have ever known in his primitive level of society. Surely this can be no headhunter, we thought, as we watched him day after day when he came to our house (or rather his house which he had given over to us) to ask what he could do for us. He encouraged the people to be measured; he urged them to part with the things we needed for our collection; he answered our many questions graciously; he brought us the fat of a lean land.

When he was not busy with my husband, he repaired the slats our heels had broken in the bamboo floor, or sat under the house by the hour making fish nets. The children came to watch him, played about him, or listened to the wonderful stories he told them of his catches. Anglers' stories do not differ the world over. We never once saw Manowang unkind or impatient with the children, and they loved him.

Evenings, after our phonograph concerts were over and we were left alone, Manowang would sit with us far into the night while my husband questioned him about the customs of his people.

One of these evenings I shall never forget. We thought he was not coming and we were about to close up for the night when we heard him call "Apo-o" at

the foot of our ladder. He greeted us in his friendly way, squatted in his accustomed place near the box we used as a table, drew the Ingersoll we had given him from his belt, listened first to make sure it ticked and gazed fondly at its face. Little did it worry him that it was three hours slow.

We led our questions that night up to warfare, suggested by a bundle of *soga* (hardwood sticks sharpened at one end) which stood in the corner of the room. Manowang brought them over to us and insisted that we feel the needlelike points to see how sharp they were.

"Sometimes," he said, "when we go out to fight, we cannot come home the same night. Then we make a camp, and we plant the *soga* in the grass."

As he talked, he slipped the long, thin sticks into the bamboo slats of the floor, explaining that in the grass they would be cleverly concealed. Their pursuers would have to cross them very cautiously and would, consequently, lose much time.

The old man's eyes grew brighter and brighter as he related one adventure after another in the life of his people. He told how they had secured companions for different ones who had died; how they had attacked hostile villages; or waited along a trail to ambush an enemy.

"When it is necessary, we fight in the open," he said. "My spear is good for the length of this house (about twenty feet)."

He grew eager as he told his stories. Selecting a fine spear and shield from our collection, he held them as he would in action, and went through all the gestures

of an attack. The three prongs at one end of the shield he slipped between the legs of his imaginary victim, and, seizing his headaxe from his belt, severed a head neatly. Or he would make for the victim's head, would slip the two prongs at the other end of the shield about his neck, and cleave with his axe. When we looked at his distorted face and fell under the influence of his fervor we forgot for a moment that we were watching a recital.

He showed us graphically, with two shields representing ladders, how the relatives held them at the gate of the town for the victorious warriors to climb over on their return. His spear represented the spike on which a head must be exhibited for three days. He assured us proudly that he himself had won great valor by drinking *basi* in which the brains of the enemy had been stirred.

It was an uncanny performance, in the half-lit room, shadows from the flickering candle animating the walls, drawing shapeless phantoms upon the floor. Outside all was still. Our kind faced old friend was no criminal, but he did not lack valor. He had seen some real fights in his day.

But headhunting was no crime with him; it was a sport.

CHAPTER 8

Our Names Go Back to the Village

MANOWANG was not only the headman of Lacub, but of all the district round. He knew his people well. When my husband decided to pay a visit to Agsimao — a day's trip on foot with no possibility of taking horses — Manowang went with him. It was fortunate, too, for otherwise the people would not have been seen, and the trip would have been in vain.

After nearly a day of hard hiking, they came to some villages which had been destroyed. Not a sign of life was left in them, only ashes and charred timbers, grim evidence of a hostile raid. A short distance beyond these Manowang halted and called. Six warriors, fully armed, came out from behind rocks where they had been hiding, watching for the return of those enemies who had burned their towns. It was less than one moon since the Apayao, a hostile tribe living on the eastern slope of the mountain range, had been over and defeated Agsimao in battle. Now Agsimao guarded the mountain pass day and night.

After a talk with these men, Manowang continued his lead, straight up a steep mountain and down into Agsimao. The town was surrounded by a barricade of

thorny bamboo. The gate was strongly fortified. Had it not been for the presence of Manowang my husband would have been kept out.

Having once admitted them, however, the people were friendly and hospitable. They brought all the food they had for their guests, even killing a dog as an extra delicacy. They consented to being measured and having their pictures taken. They discussed their customs, and were willing to trade off some of their possessions. But when it came to their weapons and two fine drums inlaid with human teeth, they refused. They begged the American not to ask them for these.

The drums were beautifully made. Sections of logs had been tapered at one end and hollowed out, and the outside, rubbed smooth, was inlaid with teeth taken from their enemies.

These drums had become historic. At all important celebrations, they said, one or the other was brought from its place in the house of the chief. Then while an old warrior beat a tattoo on the pigskin head, varying the notes by the pressure of his leg against the side of the instrument, he recounted tales of their victories. Different teeth recalled victim after victim, and young men and boys listening to the praises of the men who had won these fights were inspired with greater courage.

All this the old men told, pointing out particular teeth and naming the former owners, to make their point convincing. The weapons, they insisted, were sadly needed. They displayed open wounds they bore

from the last fight. It was a difficult problem for the anthropologist, for though he wanted the weapons very much, he was convinced that the people did have need of them.

But Manowang had become a convert to anthropology. He explained to the men of Agsimao how the American was writing a book about the customs of their ancestors, so their children's children, by looking in that book, would know the things pleasing to the spirits, and what their customs were. He explained that the drums he wished to obtain were to be put in a great house in a far country, a house larger than the whole village of Agsimao; and there, many years hence, their descendants might see the things they had used.

"It would be a disgrace," said Manowang, "if in that great building there were none of the weapons of Agsimao!"

The old men were greatly moved. They withdrew to one corner of the room where they sat and talked together for a time. Finally they got up and gathering together some of their choicest spears, shields, and one of the long drums, they presented them to their white guest, saying that they wished to give them to him as a present to go to the great house in America.

The next morning my husband hid under a mat gifts which were sure to gladden the hearts of the people of Agsimao. As he bade them farewell at the gate of the town he told them to go back and look under the mat.

And so it happens that future generations, of this wild tribe perhaps, will be able to see in the Museum the weapons and the long drum from Agsimao. . . .

* * * * * * * *

The people of Lacub were poor. As we went about from house to house, we found little for the collection. They lived almost entirely on rice and could not understand our gross extravagance in wanting to buy palay (unthrashed rice) to feed our horses. It was fortunate that Juan had provided plenty of tin cans for us or we should have gone hungry. The people themselves never ate chickens and eggs except at the ceremonies, and when we did succeed in securing some we knew that we were robbing the spirits. But if a man or a woman was willing to commit such a grave offense when tempted by the sight of an empty cracker box or a lard pail, far be it from us to dissuade him.

Early one morning the people of Lacub waved us farewell, and we left with our horses and our heads intact. We had found that this town which was so feared by its neighbors was itself paying yearly tribute to seven other towns.

Manowang, who had been our friend and our protector while we were in his village, now made it possible for us to leave. Without his influence we never could have secured carriers. He assured them that in going they would be safe on account of our guns, and that for the return trip we would give them a "pass." Of course none of the people who might prove dangerous to them

could read a pass, but the psychological effect was good and they accompanied us, reluctantly.

The first river we crossed, Chico lost his footing and I fell into the water. It is bad manners to go into a Tinguian village without taking a bath; our carriers always stopped to bathe at the last stream before entering a town. But to bathe upon leaving was a new departure.

The trail over the mountains was beautiful, and we were tempted to stop. While we were eating our lunch Kadaklan's drum began to sound a warning for us to push on before the black clouds caught us. Once, when we came out of a dense wood into an open space on a high peak, the picture before us took our breath with its beauty. Back of us towered two ranges of mountains, jungle clad, while before us, like great waves, spread range after range of grass covered peaks. Below, like a silver ribbon, the Binnongan River wound its way among the peaks, gathering its tributaries in its course, till in the distance it joined the Abra. Then we traced that great river as, in light and shadow, it cut its way through towering mountains and open plains, winding and twisting on and on, till it reached the sea.

In the valley below a storm raged. We watched flashes of lightning play on the black clouds that rolled and tossed as the storm moved down the river. Mountains were enveloped in the shadow of the clouds, and only a distant peak, catching the rays of the sun, stood out clear and green, a moment only. Then it, too, was caught in the dark shadow, and another appeared in the

light. We would have lingered but practical Juan reminded us that we must be seeking water and a place to pitch camp for the night. The trip to that sea far below would require three days on horseback.

Under the trees near a little spring we stretched the tarpaulin. While Juan prepared dinner, the carriers pumped up the mattresses. A glorious sunset assured us that no rain would disturb our frail protection. And there we slept on the lonely mountain — Juan, Bacilio and Mauricio at a little distance on one side of us and fifteen naked wild men stretched around a bonfire on the other. The big, bright stars kept silent watch.

When we woke, streaks of pink showed in the east. The mountains were a faint green. Below us in the valley hung a fluffy white cloud. Rested and exhilarated, we surveyed our world — not a sign of life in any direction. A glorious sense of freedom came over us. We had breakfast, packed, and pushed on.

Our next stop was San Juan, uninteresting from the anthropologist's standpoint, for an American missionary had been visiting there, and they were somewhat ashamed of their old beliefs. After a week we were ready to move on. We planned to leave early in order to reach Bangued before the afternoon rain which, by now, had become a daily occurrence.

Packing had become an exact science with us. We knew the approximate weight of everything we possessed. We had worked out combinations of light and heavy articles packed into loads not exceeding fifty pounds and of the right shape to be carried on the back

or slung from a pole. It was not so easy as it sounds, either, for our loads were constantly changing. Tin cans were being emptied and left behind as reminders of our visit, while fish traps, spears, knives, rice mortars, baskets, and scores of other things were being added to the impedimenta.

Packing the medicine chest and phonograph records was my job. I always did it the day before we were ready to move. Usually just as I got the tin box locked, rolled in the tarpaulin and roped, someone would get a cut, or burn, or stomach ache, and the whole thing would have to be unpacked. We developed a vast amount of patience.

Ours was a busy household on the mornings we moved. It was no trouble waking early, for we never seemed to sleep soundly in these houses. Fighting horses, scratching pigs, and barking dogs made for little quiet, while the lighted lantern kept hanging high in the doorway was more disturbing than the thought of losing our heads. This medley of sound always wakened us at the right time. Then Juan got breakfast, Mauricio fed the horses, Bacilio packed the beds and other leftovers, while natives gathered from near and far to hear the breath of the spirits as it issued from the mattresses. When the loads were ready, the carriers walked about, lifting them many times, each determined to get the lightest one. It was considerable satisfaction to us when we heard them declare that there was no choice, one was as heavy as the other.

Just before the procession started, my husband

always delivered a lecture, calling to their attention the great value of such loads as the camera, phonograph and bed rolls. He insisted that these be carried on top of the head when crossing rivers. Occasionally a man slipped and the camera or the bed roll or medicine chest landed at the bottom of the stream, but if it was rescued within reasonable time, it was rarely wet inside the waterproof case.

At San Juan, as usual, we had the loads ready to go soon after sunrise, but no carriers came. This village was part Christian, and there was no savage gentleman to urge his people to come early that we might complete our journey before the rain came. We decided to send Juan on in advance, and we remained till the last carrier had departed. It was past noon. Thunder began to sound, and dark clouds rolled over the mountains as we set out.

It is sometimes possible to outride a storm in these valleys, and we started a lively race, urging our horses, and looking back again and again, only to find the black clouds gaining on us. When we reached the ford of the Abra, it was so swollen from the rains above that the carriers refused to cross and insisted that we go farther down to a wider ford. We pushed on. All at once black clouds seemed to stand directly over us. The rain came in a blinding sheet. The carriers having no clothes did not mind the bath, but our clothing was soaked and heavy and cold.

At dusk we reached the wider ford where several carabao were swimming, only their black noses showing

above the rushing water. My husband's Pinto was taller and stronger than my horse, Chico, and he decided that I must ride the larger horse across. Now Pinto was not well behaved. He ran whenever he felt inclined, much to the consternation of the natives, who refused even to lead him to water. He never had been mounted without rearing on his hind feet and whirling. Like the natives, I admired him at a distance, but this was no time for likes and dislikes. Darkness was upon us, and the river flowed between us and dry clothes. Pinto, as though he enjoyed the joke of having a woman ride him, kept all four feet on the ground while I mounted him, and then with a firm stride he plunged into the water. I made no attempt to guide him, but wound my hands in his mane and hung on. The water surged around me. It was dark. All I could see was Pinto's head above the water. The current caught us and we were whirled around.

Waves rushed out of the inky blackness and broke over us. A cold wet vine, torn from its moorings, wrapped itself about me in a snakelike embrace. I lost all sense of direction, but the sturdy horse fought steadily on. I felt him struggling against the current. Hours seemed to pass. Then I felt his hoofs clattering among the rocks; we had come out on the other side.

Now I have a wholesome respect for horse sense. Chico was twice as long in crossing with his heavier load, and it was with great relief that I saw him coming out of the water. The carriers had to wait until morning to cross.

An hour's ride in the dark and beating rain brought us to Bangued, where our house, though cold and dusty, looked dry and inviting. Juan, all smiles, served us hot soup on a real table.

The next day Bacilio went to his home, a village a short distance from Bangued, and when he returned he brought us some startling news. He had found his town in mourning for him and for us.

Somehow there had filtered down the valley the news that we had left Lacub, and, as we did not appear in any village, it was assumed we had slept in the mountains. To sleep on a lonely mountain with fifteen wild men as carriers could mean only one thing: we had lost our heads. Wild men would not pass up such an opportunity for getting companions for their dead. As the days passed and we failed to appear, the beliefs were confirmed. Wise old heads shook sadly as they recalled their prophecy that only our names would come back. Bacilio's town had prepared to show us proper respect. They not only decreed that there should be no festivities in the town, but they all put on old clothes; his female relatives removed the beads from their arms, a sign of deepest mourning.

We hastened to deny the report. Immediately they put on their good clothes and beads again, made a feast; and the mourning changed into rejoicing.

We seemed destined always just to miss fame.

CHAPTER 9

A Visitor from Home

PICTURES of the tropics, in magazines, in museums, or private collections always win my profound respect; I understand the conditions under which they were taken, the difficulties overcome. No one, until he has tried it, can appreciate the things that can prevent good pictures in a tropical climate. Warm water, deteriorating chemicals, mildew, bugs — all work against you. Sometimes your ingenuity can defeat them; sometimes it cannot.

A small room in our house in Bangued was reserved for a darkroom. We lined the walls with paper and stuffed the cracks with rags; we worked, we perspired. When we had finished, the light streamed in through a hundred holes. We gave up trying to use it in daylight, and worked at night only. This, however, did not entirely solve the problem, for the natives carry their street lights around with them, and invariably when a choice plate was being developed, the light from a torch would pour through the tiny cracks. We had Juan and Mauricio finally stand outside and divert traffic to other streets.

One of the boxes of equipment shipped from the States was lost on the way, and for two years we missed

things packed in it. The dark lantern, developing trays, part of the chemicals, and other important articles, were lost with it. Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, delightful American teachers in Bangued, unearthed an old lantern for us, but it leaked and flickered out at the most unfavorable moments. We patched it up with adhesive plaster finally and it was better than nothing. By experimenting, chemicals on hand were substituted for those lost, and cooking pans were turned into developing trays. The darkroom was hot and close, filled always with mosquitoes. I fanned the air to keep the mosquitoes moving, but developing nights were tedious. We experienced as much difficulty with photographs taken during our stay as any other phase of our investigations.

The warm water made it difficult to get the developer right. Sometimes after the plates had gone safely through that process, we would take them out of the fixing bath only to find that the glass was clear; the picture had slipped off into the fluid. My husband arranged a syphon on the steps for washing the plates. It was of great interest to all except the small boy whose business it was to bring water from a neighbor's well. He never could see any reason in bringing jar after jar of water up the steps only to empty it into the top tank and let it run out the bottom one. We had to watch to be sure that he was not catching it from the latter and using it over again.

While we were catching up on some pictures in Bangued we gave Bacilio a little vacation with his

people. He returned looking dejected. We questioned him discreetly, and learned the cause for his depression. In his absence a wife had been selected for him by his parents. He had never seen her before; she impressed him as being about as lovely as an evil spirit when he did see her. But she had rice and land. His parents' tastes were well satisfied. They had proposed to her parents, who consented to the match; the headmen of both towns had met together and settled upon the price to be paid for her: three carabao, five hundred bundles of rice, fifty pesos, two horses, two cows, and eight jars. The deal had been closed. Bacilio was spared the formalities of wooing and the consternation of proposal, and all the rest of it.

A week later he went home for his wedding, and when he returned he announced that his wife would not permit him to accompany us to Patoc, where we were planning to spend the rainy season. We parted reluctantly.

It was Lent. Each night we could hear the weird chant of the Passion Song. Ordinarily, Bangued was as quiet at night as the villages of the wild people, but during Lent the stillness was broken by this solemn chant. In different houses of the town groups gathered, the girls singing, sometimes alone, sometimes in chorus. Late at night the chanting ceased.

During Holy Week the natives disliked to work. Our *lavendero* would not wash our clothes; the grass man would not bring grass for the horses; the water boy would not bring water for the pictures; very little could

be found at market; all devoted themselves to attending church. The bells pealed long before daylight. Great bamboo arches, decorated with green branches, fruit, and vegetables, were erected over the streets, and near these were altars elaborate with lace curtains, mirrors, images, and candles. One night a grand parade passed through the streets. Life-size figures of Christ, the Virgin, and a variety of saints, resplendent in gorgeous gowns and jewels, were drawn on carts, followed by men, women, and children bearing lighted candles. That night the Passion was chanted until dawn.

On Good Friday the bells were quiet. The women dressed in black; black cloths draped the altars; no work was done. A gloomy stillness hung over the town, broken at daylight on Easter by a joyous ringing of every bell in Bangued. Two processions, one headed by the image of Christ, the other by the Virgin, formed at the church. They marched in opposite directions through the streets, meeting finally beneath a lofty arch. Here a shower of roses fell upon them, and together they marched back to the church for the services.

Three centuries ago the religion of these people had been similar to that of the Tinguian. The Spaniards brought them a new faith, but they had seen to it that the break was not too great between the elaborate rites of pagan times and the pomp and ceremony of the new worship.

While we were in Bangued we received a telegram which thrilled us more than anything had done for months. It read, "Arrive Saturday. Jones." But it

electrified our household. We prepared for the event on a grand scale.

Dr. William Jones was a dear friend. He had been a close associate of my husband in his graduate work, a co-worker at the Museum; he had been, moreover, an usher at our wedding just before we left Chicago. It was planned at first for him to come with us and for the two anthropologists to work together; but he could not leave when we did, and after being delayed so long, he had decided to go to a different field. He was on his way to the Ilongot, a wild and little-known tribe to the south and east of the Tinguian. He was only stopping for a short visit with us.

The sea was rough on Saturday. The boat from Manila could not stop at Pan Dan and he had to go on to Salomagi and ride eighteen miles in a bullcart to return to the Abra River. It was Monday night before his raft reached Bangued. We couldn't talk fast enough. It was so long since we had seen anyone from home! We spoke garbled English, he told us — we had been endeavoring too long to make ourselves clear to Juan and Bacilio — but he appreciated our hunger for news and told us everything he could think of. We had a grand talk. Even Juan's face was wreathed in smiles.

The little table and the huge chairs which had come with the house were very shaky on the bamboo floor of our dining room. The chair arms, being on a level with the table top, were in constant danger of upsetting things. We had become expert in balancing ourselves,

but Dr. Jones, in his eagerness, would shift his position, when suddenly a chair leg would slip through the bamboo and he would plunge forward, upsetting things on the table generally. But we had granite dishes. It was a glorious time. How we laughed!

Our Filipino friends, the Christianized natives, gave a *baile* (grand ball) for him. A group of them came to our house, and after a serenade, escorted us to the schoolhouse, beautifully decorated with palms and gaudy blossoms of the fire tree. Some of the high school pupils and native teachers made rhetorical speeches, welcoming him to the Islands, stressing his great and good qualities and his fine appearance. Then they crowned him with a wreath of *cadena de amor* (chain of love).

I shall never forget how uncomfortable he looked with little streamers of tiny pink blossoms falling over his forehead, but he rose to the occasion and made an effective speech in return.

The program closed with the singing of a parody on "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," each verse ending with "Jones has come to the Philippines." Dancing and feasting followed. The evening was a fine success.

The week passed only too quickly. He gave new stimulus to our work, made the outside world seem real to us once more. We rode with him to the river and saw him off, promising to meet in a year to compare notes on the two tribes, the Tinguian and the Ilongot. We watched until he disappeared around a turn in the river, feeling suddenly a great isolation and loneliness.

It was our final parting. He lived alone with the Ilongot over a year; he did valuable work among them; became their benefactor; and, at last, when his work was almost completed, lost his life at their hands.

He had made a collection representing all phases of Ilongot life. To get out of this wild, trailless country, he had to depend on bamboo rafts. The people had promised many times to build the rafts, but always put it off. It was the spring of the year, " an uneasy time when cutters of bamboo distrust the jungle, when the headhunting fever sends each ambitious lover abroad for a trophy." They were afraid, as well, that cholera raging in the towns below might come upstream. The last words Dr. Jones wrote in his diary describe the bamboo poles and shaved rattan streamers festooned across the river to ward off the approach of this deadly sickness.

After breaking their promises many times, the men came to him one night with the news that the rafts were ready, eight of them, and that they would be waiting for him the next day at Pung-gu Landing, two miles further up the river.

Pung-gu Landing is a small beach of grey sand, crescent-shaped, over which crags tower two hundred feet. There is no outlet except the swift Cagayan River. Dr. Jones landed and waited. But again he met with broken promises — only four rafts came. More than twenty savages manned the rafts, each bearing a spear, a shield, bow and arrows, and a headhunting bolo.

They built a fire and cooked rice and fish; under a

tree they ate, Dr. Jones eating with the rest. They were talking as usual, friendly and at ease. Suddenly one of them drew his bolo and struck the white man across the head. Others jumped up, rushed at him. A bolo slashed his arm. He was speared just below the heart. His two faithful servants dragged him, in a shower of spears and poisoned darts, to his raft, and pushed off downstream. At dark the boat reached Dumubatu, a native village. He was still alive. Friendly savages who wept bitterly at his fate nursed him as best they could, but during the night he died.

The exact cause for his death will never be known. It may be he paid the penalty of breaking taboo in passing the bamboo stretched across the river; the natives may have killed him for taking away their belongings. He had given them much more than he was taking away, but that was easy for them to forget. Or it may be that they had no motive in killing him, only the motive of boys stoning a rabbit.

The death of William Jones grieved us deeply. Science lost an anthropologist of much promise in his untimely death.

CHAPTER IO

In Rainy Season Quarters

THE daily rains were coming a little earlier each afternoon. Rivers were growing deeper and trails muddier, warning us that we must get into quarters before the deluge.

The loss of Bacilio caused us worry and inconvenience. Finally after trying out several candidates, we chose his successor. Dumagat, son of Cabildo, of Patoc, the wealthiest Tinguian of all that district, was added to our official family. He had been to the coast for his education and "spoke English." We asked him to find us a house in his town where we could pass the rainy season, and in a few days he came to us with this announcement:

"My wife he will move my things into my father-in-law, and you shall occupy my house." Our shelter was assured.

We prepared to move. We arranged the collection to leave, suspending from the rafters things which the rats might harm and covering all iron work with an anti-rust solution. We sent a man to Vigan to the Chino merchant with an order for groceries for four months, and we packed. But the groceries did not come. Each day we watched and waited, ready to start as soon as

the boxes arrived. Finally, Mr. Peterson, an American missionary from Vigan, came up for some meetings, and when he returned to Vigan he promised to investigate and see that the boxes came at once. In due time a telegram came from him saying that the boxes were coming. We waited and heard no more.

At last we wired him "When?" and received the answer, "The 17th." It was already the 25th. And the rains were increasing every day.

We sent messengers here and there looking up the raftsmen; we wired the Chino grocer again and again; but we could not find those boxes. My husband threatened to make the raftsmen pay for the telegrams, for the time he lost, for the money he spent, and I have forgotten what else. Every day made getting into quarters for the rainy season more difficult, yet without those boxes we dared not go into a place where we should be dependent entirely on our own supplies.

At last one night in the pouring rain the men came with the heavy boxes. They deposited them on the floor and then squatted calmly on the steps, uninterested in our inconvenience and delay.

"It is not good for the Christian faith," I whispered to my husband as he paid them in full. We never did know what had caused all our trouble.

The next day we moved to Patoc. The trails were soft. In places the horses sank to their knees in the mud. We were thankful when we reached the pretty village on the mountain side. Dumagat's house looked as though it would be comfortable, having a main room

with sides and floor of boards, a new grass roof, and sliding shutters of wood in place of the usual woven bamboo. The kitchen and a connecting room which we christened " dining room " were of bamboo in good repair. We stretched our big Stars and Stripes on one side of the room; put up the family portraits and colored pictures from the Sunday paper, and felt sure that we should be dry and comfortable. We had never been through a rainy season!

Patoc nestled on the side of a thickly wooded hill. Through openings in the trees we could look out on the mountains rising in the distance. By our window a whispering clump of bamboo moved, like giant plumes in the wind. No sound broke the stillness, only breeze and bird songs.

But it was not perfect. There were pests. For a time flies came in swarms, so that we had to hang a mosquito net over our dining table. There were rats, too, since no snake lived in the roof of this house. They ran around familiarly in the daytime, but at night they held parties, and we threw a good many shoes. We set traps and poison, but the number never decreased perceptibly. One night they carried off one of my husband's socks — a thing he could have forgiven had they left the garter. A toothbrush would have gone the same way had we not been awakened by its striking against the rafters. Unless we remembered to cover the soap, it was always missing in the morning.

Patoc was an orthodox town. A *balaoa* stood at the front of our house and another behind us; scattered

THE VILLAGE SPRING

An outdoor clubhouse for the women

WASHING CLOTHES AT THE BANK OF THE RIVER

(Photo by Manila Bureau of Science)

TINGUIAN HOUSEWIVES BRINGING WATER TO THE VILLAGE

(*Photo by Philippine Bureau of Science*)

about were many smaller spirit structures, and at the gate were the guardian stones. The spirits were fed and revered in the usual way, and they appeared to reward the inhabitants of Patoc for their unwavering faith.

In only one thing were these people fearful and helpless: the practice of magic. *Gamot* struck terror to their hearts, a terror which we sensed more and more as we dwelt among them.

As soon as we were settled, work was begun on the language. The first step was to train Dumagat. He had to be watched lest in his desire to be accommodating, he assent to wrong statements and draw false conclusions. Among the old men who came day after day to answer questions and pronounce words over and over, Omnas was the most faithful, squatting on the floor by the hour watching my husband and Dumagat work and giving his comment or objection to everything he could understand.

"I never helped make a grammar before," confided this clout-clad brown man who had just learned that language could be written, "but I want it to be correct so that our children's children will know very well how to speak our language."

At the end of the session he would look quite as weary as did the anthropologist and the interpreter.

Whenever weather permitted in the afternoon, we took a long walk over a stretch of rocks that led down the slope between clumps of bamboo that cracked in the wind. As we neared the rice fields, we could hear the

people singing at their work, for the rain was plentiful and they were happy. We carried the gun and sometimes brought back a fine mallard duck, much to Juan's delight.

"I very thankful to the spirits, Missus," he would say. "This bad place to buy chicken."

The rice in the seed beds was now green and heavy, proof that the decorated bamboo sticks that surrounded the beds were pleasing to the spirits. The people were busy preparing the terraced fields for the transplanting. Before daylight we were awakened by the thud of the pestles dropping into the wooden mortars as the women pounded out rice for breakfast. By dawn the men passed by our house on their way to the fields, leading carabao yoked to wooden sleds laden with tools. Sometimes they rode the awkward beasts. They worked till dark, opening the ditches to bring water from the streams, repairing embankments between the terraces, or plowing and harrowing the fields of soft ooze.

The phlegmatic carabao move at a snail's pace, but they are invaluable in the preparation of the rice lands. In mud and water they are at their best. The only time I ever saw one show any speed was one day when we wanted a picture of a man plowing. The great beast stopped and stared at us, sniffing scornfully, for they greatly dislike the odor of the white race. Then the click of the camera startled him. He wheeled and ran with the plow. The shouting man followed and the last we saw of him he was disappearing over the hill.

Tinguian children and baby carabao are playfel-

lows, so that when the animals are old enough to work they are easily handled by the natives. Small boys lead them by ropes through their noses and they never show any real activity unless they have been kept too long from water. Then they revolt and make for the nearest mud-hole. There they will lie till they are well soaked and only then will they consent once more to follow the lead of man.

Often on our walks we met carabao on the trail. There was no mistaking their dislike for our odor. They would stop, stick out their noses and sniff disdainfully. They refused to pass such smelly creatures. They would move to the side, some distance off the trail, while we passed, — or sometimes we had to get out of the way.

When the fields were prepared and the rice grown to twelve or fourteen inches in height, it was time for transplanting. First, a medium made a ceremony at the fields of each family. A pig was sacrificed and a little house built for the spirit to occupy while it guarded the growing grain. Then the shoots were pulled up and carried to the flooded fields where they were set out one at a time. Both men and women toiled all day, knee deep in the soft ooze till the plants were set. Nor were their labors over then, for the field had to be weeded from time to time, and always guarded from birds and beasts. It was a busy season for the people, but it was a happy time. They sang as they worked. Sometimes they chanted the *daleng* in which they complimented or chided the other workers, or related some incident of the hunt or of village life. Often we joined them toward

midday when they gathered in the field-houses to eat their lunches, rest and smoke. A story-teller entertained them with fables or tales of adventure.

One day Banot came to us with a leg so lame that he could not work in the fields. He was greatly distressed.

"How did you hurt it?" asked my husband.

"I did not hurt it. Someone is practicing magic on me. For three days it has hurt very much."

We had been called upon to cure many ailments but this was the first case of *gamot* to come to us.

"How do you know that someone is practicing magic?" questioned my husband.

"Because," answered Banot, as he looked with pity on the sore member, "my wife's father was lame the same way, and he found that a man who understood magic had put poison in his foot tracks."

Then while the "doctor" massaged the lame tendon, Banot related the case of Tabau who was made very sick in his head by someone who had understood magic.

"He got a piece of Tabau's old headband," said Banot, "and put it in a dish of water and stirred it very fast and in half a day Tabau's mind was very sick."

"Did he get well?"

"No," said Banot, "none of the Tinguian know how to drive out the magic and Tabau was always sick till he died."

As the massaging continued, he went on relating cases of different persons who had fever caused by

magic. A fly was named for Giaben and placed in a bamboo tube near the fire. As the tube grew warm, the woman became cold and finally got the fever. Banot grew very sad relating these incidents and thinking of all the things which might happen to him, but when my husband got out the iodine, the sight of the dark liquid seemed to give him hope.

"This," explained my husband as he painted the leg, "is a very strong medicine which will drive out the magic in a few hours."

And it did. The next day Banot was walking normally.

Some days later he came to us again for aid. Malakay's wife had been seen the night before dancing under her house, and the people suspected that she was practicing magic. Could we do anything to prevent it? It did not seem to be a case for iodine, so we explained to him that we must wait until he could show us against whom the evil was directed and then we would be able to help. He went away somewhat relieved, and it was several weeks before we heard any more about it.

At the foot of a hill not far from our house flowed a little stream, and here on the flat rocks by a clear spring was the gathering place of the women — an outdoor club house. Here we met mornings and I listened while they did the family washings, scoured the wooden plates, scrubbed the babies, and related the village gossip. I was short on vocabulary but long on gestures and understanding, so that we progressed amazingly. It was here that I learned why we had not been able to buy

any of the agate beads which appeared among the others in their necklaces. Igai told me the story while she laundered her wardrobe and the baby.

"I cannot sell my agate beads," she said, "for I never could get any more. It is now more than a hundred seasons since Ganoway was hunting in the mountains. A deer which he had speared ran into a hole in the ground. He followed and found himself in a cave, but it was so dark he could not see. He heard his dog barking in the distance, so he followed. But he stumbled, and once when he fell, his outstretched hand caught a small tree on which berries grew. He broke off a branch and followed where he had last heard the dog." Igai stopped, while she burned a bundle of rice straw and gathered up the ashes with which she scrubbed the baby.

"When Ganoway came out in the light again," she continued, "he saw that the berries were agate beads of great value. He came home to Patoc, and several men went with him to the cave, but before they reached the spot, the evil spirit had taken the tree away. You can still see the strange carvings the evil spirit made on the walls of the cave," she added, as she started up the hill.

The anthropologist was anxious to see the carvings. He got men to take him to the cave which was not far from Patoc, and there, sure enough, were the markings made by the evil spirit, assisted by the action of water through the ages.

Another day at the spring Ugot was washing a red and yellow striped blanket:

"Did you weave that pretty blanket?" I asked.

"No, my mother wove it," replied Ugot. "You know it is very dangerous to sleep out-of-doors under this kind of a blanket, and I always make the blue ones." She proceeded to beat it with her wooden paddle and to rinse it up and down in the water. After a moment, I inquired why it was dangerous to sleep out under that coverlet.

"In the first times," began Ugot, "three Tinguian went to the mountains to hunt. At night they lay down to sleep and one of them had on a red and yellow striped blanket which looks like the back of a little wild pig. The other two men went to sleep, but while the one under the striped blanket was still awake, he heard two spirits come near and one of them said, 'Oh, here we have something to eat, for here is a little wild pig.' Then the man quickly took the blanket off one of his companions and put his own in its place, and very soon the spirits came and ate the man under the striped blanket."

Ugot gathered up handfuls of sand and rubbed it vigorously on her body, using a flat stone to cleanse her legs. Then she rinsed off the sand, dipped clear water in a coconut shell and poured it over her body.

"That is how we know that it is bad to wear that kind of a blanket when we are where the spirits can get us," she said.

She filled two large jars which she placed, one on top of the other, on her head, then taking the baby on her hip and her washing under her arm, she started up the slippery path with far greater ease than I who followed empty-handed. But I wore shoes and Ugot did not.

These nights we had glowing sunsets. Mt. Bulagao stood out bold and black to the west, and as the fleecy clouds gathered about its head, the sinking sun touched them with its rays, painting them pink and purple and gold. The colors changed constantly, gradually deepening until the sky was a blaze of red. Then it darkened to purple. And the sudden tropic night fell like a curtain of black velvet.

We watched, fascinated, unwilling to let one change escape us. Juan became so distressed when, night after night, our soup grew cold, that we changed our dinner hour and devoted ourselves entirely to sunsets.

Black against the red sky we could see tired men going down the mountain side from the rice fields.

CHAPTER II

Rain

WHO can describe a Philippine rainy season? We breathed the water soaked air, brushed, day after day, the mildew from our shoes, ate liquid salt, slept on musty pillows. And always the silver rain slanting down upon the green jungle, and the smell of wet, aromatic leaves.

For fifty-three days we never saw the sun. During the season eight and three-fourths feet of water fell. We understood then why the houses were built on piles high above the ground. We were thankful for the seven feet of air-space between us and the ooze.

At first a few days of rain would be followed by several hours of hot sunshine, a signal that our possessions be moved down into the yard where lines were stretched. Bedding, clothes, shoes, cameras, saddles, collection, books — everything — was in some way attached to these lines. It was necessary to keep close watch, for sometimes the sun did not get behind a cloud before the rain began again.

Then came days and weeks with no sunlight. We envied the natives who had nothing packed away. Their beds were woven mats which they spread on the floor at night. The clothes they possessed were always

in use. They did have pillows, though, filled with tree cotton, or kapok, which grew as musty as our own things.

Our shoes and cameras had to be rubbed off every day or they were covered with mould. The envelopes were glued shut, solio paper stuck together; guns, shears and needles rusted, pills melted, malted milk tablets became mush, camera plates mildewed, and films spoiled. Nothing escaped.

As summer differs from winter in America, so the wet season differs from the dry in the land of the Tinguian. As the seasons are unlike, so is the life of the people during those periods. In the dry season all have plenty of leisure. In every village ceremonies are usually in progress, and work is almost forgotton while the people devote themselves to festivity and religious rites, or to fishing and the hunt.

But as soon as the rains begin, all is changed. Men and women go to the fields before daylight and return to their homes at dark. When all their time is not required in the fields, or the rain is unusually heavy, they work at home. The men tie nets, make farm tools or baskets and traps. The women spin and weave, or pound rice on a carabao hide beneath the house. There seems to be little sickness. Only the most necessary ceremonies take place — those for birth, death, or to aid the growth of the crops. In fact so few offerings are made that the spirits might well feel neglected did they not understand that the dry season is their harvest time.

The children like the wet weather. They run,

naked and shouting, through the rain. They build dams in rivulets, turning the water one way, then stopping that up and turning it another. They sailed our bacon cans for boats, and threw each other into the mud. They enjoyed the sport of tossing little chickens up in the air for balls, and throwing stones at horses to see them run. A half coconut shell tied on one foot for a shoe, or a pair of bamboo stilts entertained them for hours. Their childhood is short. They are betrothed when they are mere babies, and the final ceremony takes place when they are twelve or fourteen years old.

Late one afternoon, Dumagat came in with the news that we were invited to attend a wedding that night. Wadagan was only fourteen but his parents had decided that it was time that he be married. They were to have the ceremony even though it was a busy time. A wife had been selected for him when he was only three. Now the marriage price had been paid, and they were ready for the final rites.

We reached the bride's house just as the groom arrived, carrying a large jar which he presented to his parents-in-law. Then we all climbed the bamboo ladder up into the torch lighted room where we found Lagmani, a girl about twelve, crying.

"Why does she cry?" I asked Dumagat.

"Oh, she does not love Wadagan now," he replied. "But she will after a while."

I looked at Lagmani as she lay on the floor wracked with sobs. She was brown and slender and lovely. Her little breasts were round, with approaching maturity.

When she looked at us, I saw that her eyes were beautiful.

Wadagan was already a man. He was well developed and muscular. He was as slim as a young tree and his glance toward the sobbing girl was appraising.

She was afraid of him. Or perhaps she loved someone else. I had no way of knowing. Nevertheless, she must submit.

After much coaxing Lagmani was persuaded to take her place on the floor opposite the groom. Her grandmother gave them each a drink of water from a coconut shell in which were two beads. They handled the cup carefully, for if the contents were spilled the couple would become dizzy; in old age their heads and hands would shake. Each then took a handful of boiled rice from a plate set between them and rolled it into a ball. Lagmani dropped hers through the strips of the bamboo floor for the spirits. Wadagan tossed his into the air to attract a sign. All the guests showed great relief when the ball fell to the floor without breaking. This was a sign that they would never part.

The ceremony was completed; no license was required, no promises made. But they were bound by a custom which is stronger than law. As Dumagat said, Lagmani would love her husband after a while, for that, too, is a custom. We left them together in the darkness. She was still sobbing.

Names are not changed at marriage. A Tinguian child is named at birth, and unless sickness, disaster, or something unusual occurs to signify that

the spirits are displeased, he bears the same name throughout life.

Juan came in one morning very much amused and a bit embarrassed: "Padavil's wife has borned two twin babies and one of them is named 'Mr. Cole,'" he announced.

"And what will they call the other?" I inquired.

"Juan," he modestly replied.

Now, while Mr. Cole and Juan might not be beautiful names for twins, their selection was not surprising. Tinguian custom gives a newborn child a name commemorating some great event or disaster occurring about the time of its birth. We have known several to be called Baguio, the Tinguian word for typhoon, because they were born during a storm.

We hastened over to pay our respects to the twins and arrived just in time for the christening. Already a fire had been kindled on a bed of ashes in a shallow bamboo frame near the mother, a fire which they kept burning constantly for twenty-nine days as a protection against evil spirits. The father had prepared each stick of wood with care that no rough places appear on it, for rough places on the wood would mean lumps on the babies' heads.

A medium placed one of the babies on an inverted rice winnower, raised it about a foot from the floor and dropped it with a bang.

"What is your name?" she demanded.

She dropped it again with a crash: "Your name is Mr. Cole!"

A third time the poor child was bounced, this time

with the admonition, "When your father tells you to go to the field, you go!"

Juan was treated to the same ordeal and both survived. This indicated, to us at least, that they were blessed with great endurance. When the ceremony was over, we presented each with our blessing and a string of red and green glass beads.

Such diversions as the wedding and the christening were most welcome to us, for life was not very exciting. My husband worked all day and dreamed all night on the intricacies of the language. For days at a time we were not able to get out even for a walk, and our only exercise was dancing on a rough floor to the music of the phonograph.

Lieutenant Rowell, Commander of the Constabulary in Bangued, did some real missionary work during this time. As long as it was possible for him to take the trails, he rode up and spent Sunday with us. He would come in Saturday afternoon, muddy and tired, but he was always sure of a hearty welcome. He was humorous and well-read and it did us good to see someone to whom we could talk in ordinary English. Moreover, he was greatly interested in the Tinguian, and on Sundays, for there were no days of rest here, he took his place in the grammar making class, giving fresh impetus to the work.

Then one Saturday he came with the sad announcement that the bottom had dropped out of the trails; his strong white horse had sunk to its girth in the mud. He could not come again till the rains were over.

For weeks after that we never saw a white person. We often had to take to singing to cheer ourselves up.

Once a week we sent a runner to Bangued for our mail. Sometimes it took him several days to make the trip. Even then we were never sure of the mail, for sometimes the boat had not been able to stop at Pan Dan and we must wait for another week. Or perhaps there had been no boat into Manila from the States, — the mail we wanted most. When it did come there were bales of it, letters, magazines, and the Chicago Daily Tribune — fourteen, twenty-one, or twenty-eight copies at a time. Often it was long past midnight and we were asleep when that welcome "Apo" sounded at the foot of the ladder. Then we jumped up and read every letter. Excitement! The six or eight weeks old Tribunes were full of news to us and not even the advertisements escaped our hungry eyes. My husband was too busy to read in the daytime, and the lights were too poor to allow much reading at night, so I read and told him the news at meal time or whenever I got a chance. It was a good thing to have something to talk about.

Occasionally some of the old men came in to spend the evening with us. Omnas brought his nose flute. He played well, and entertained us with its plaintive notes. Seating himself on the floor, he would stop one side of his nose with a wad of cotton, blowing through his other nostril into the flute. He steadied the instrument with his toes, and played sweet strange melodies. Magwati told us stories, fables and "why" tales. Sometimes one of them would sing.

One night a group grew reminiscent and told of the time when the Americans first came to the Islands.

"We were very much surprised to find that the Americans were white," said Cabildo, as he drew his pipe from his headband and fitted into it a long green cigar.

When he had drawn several puffs, he went on: "The soldiers who were camped in Bangued were white, but Lampedan came down from back in the hills to buy iron for headaxes, and he told us that beyond the mountains from his town the soldiers were black." He drew a few more puffs. "Lampedan said that there were only a few white people in America, that most of them were black."

"The first that I heard of the Americans," said Omnas, "I heard that they could fight very well on the water, but that we did not need to fear them on land, for they could not walk on the ground."

"Did you go to fight the Americans?" we asked.

"Yes," said Omnas, with something like a twinkle in his eye, "we thought that it would be very easy to drive them from the land. All the men of Patoc met together to talk it over, and we decided to march to Manila. We wore bunches of chicken feathers in our hair to frighten the Americans. The bags of rice on our backs got very heavy, for we also carried our spears and shields and headaxes. We walked all the way over the mountains to Malolos. When we got there we were so tired that we decided to rest before going on to Manila."

He stopped to meditate and to smoke.

"And didn't you go on?" I inquired.

"No," said Omnas with a smile, "in the night the Americans bombarded the town. It was the loudest noise we ever heard."

"That noise was the beginning of our coming home," interrupted Magwati. The rest nodded.

From all accounts it was a most difficult trip, and the Tinguian reached home weary, muddy, and featherless, but with a respect for American strength which they have never lost.

One afternoon, when it rained less than usual, we went to make a formal call on Cabildo. He had come in state during the first days of our residence in Patoc, accompanied by his second wife, a girl fifteen years old. She had brought on her head a large basket of rice as a present for us and had squatted outside the door while Cabildo came in, sat on a chair, and did the honors. He was a man of wealth and influence in Patoc, and we notified him the day before our intended visit, as he had done for us.

Once he had been in Manila where he had acquired the bright blue Japanese kimona in which he received us. His house was larger and finer than any other in all Tinguian land, while his valuable collection of old Chinese jars was known far and wide. It was with evident pleasure that he showed these to us, pointing out different ones of particular interest. Coming finally to a large reddish brown jar which he stroked affectionately, he said:

"This was not made by the Chinese, but belonged to the spirits."

We examined it carefully and found that it did not have the Chinese mark which the others bore.

"My father and my grandfather, from whom I inherited it, told me that they were hunting in the wooded hills, and when they thought their dog had brought a deer to bay, they hurried with their spears to help him. They were surprised to find that it was not a deer but a jar, and they could not catch it, for it kept disappearing and coming into sight again. Finally they sat down to rest, and they heard a voice say, 'Secure a pig and take its blood, so that you can catch the jar which your dog pursues."

"My father got the pig and did as the spirit commanded, and they watched till the jar went into a cave, and there they captured pretty Magsawi."

He stroked the jar and held his ear close to its top.

"Magsawi, when it was not yet broken, talked softly, but now its lines are broken and we cannot understand what it says."

We held our ears to its mouth and we, too, could hear the murmur, but we could not understand what it said.

"Magsawi takes long journeys sometimes," said Cabildo, "when it visits its wife, another talking jar in Ilocos Norte, or its child, a small jar, in San Quentin."

This talking jar was far-famed. We longed to get it for the collection, but there are some things which the anthropologist cannot ask. Cabildo was generous and

eager to assist us in every way, but he probably would have parted with one of his children or his wife more willingly than with the jar, Magsawi.

We felt, too, that it was well not to do anything which might be resented by the spirits. As Cabildo walked home with us we passed the *pinaing*, the guardian stones at the gate of the town. He stopped and asked us if we had seen a certain young man in Bangued who was a paralytic. When we said we had, he told the cause of the paralysis.

"He was here one day," said Cabildo, "and he made sport of the *pinaing* and threw dirt upon one of the stones. Two days later he was stricken and never from that day to this has he had any life in that side.

"And this gash," he continued, pointing to a deep mark across the top of one of the nodular stones, "is from a bad injury. A man was walking past here after dark and a strange woman came and spoke to him. He was much afraid, and drawing his knife he struck at her as hard as he could. She disappeared and the next morning when he came here he saw the deep cut in this stone made by his knife, and he knew that he had cut the spirit of the *pinaing*. In a few days he died."

Sometimes, to us, the spirits seemed more real than living men.

CHAPTER 12

We Become Headhunters

IT was not yet light. As I lay in deep sleep, through my dreams came the dull thudding of drums. I stirred uneasily and turned on the other side. Still the beating continued. A moment later I was wide awake. It was the *ganza* approaching slowly through the village. I could hear its mournful throbbing coming closer and closer. I woke my husband. Both felt a dull dread. Soon came a call beneath our house. Dumagat had come to tell us that Malakay was dead.

My husband and I exchanged glances. We remembered that it was Malakay's wife who had been seen mysteriously dancing under his house. We remembered that Banot had begged us to treat her with iodine to drive out the evil magic.

As soon as we had dressed we went over to the house of mourning. Many people were gathered outside and the room was crowded. The corpse of Malakay, dressed in his best clothes, was seated upright on a bamboo frame on the floor. Four old women, squatted beside him, fanning him with bits of cloth. They never stopped wailing. They kept it up hour after hour. When they became exhausted, more women took their

places; their shrill cries rose up with ever increasing intensity.

Above the corpse were many fine blankets. These were presents for Malakay to take to his ancestors in Maglawa, the future world.

In a corner of the room sat the widow, cross-legged and impassive. She was covered with a white blanket. Akop, the spirit of evil, waited for her, or so the old women said. Akop, the terrible. He embodies all evil; he is a spirit with head, hands, and feet, but with no body. He waits beside corpses to embrace the body of the next of kin. The natives knew that if Akop's long fingers touched Malakay's wife, she would die.

At night she slept under a fish net. Akop's long fingers would become entangled in the meshes of the net and he could not reach her, the old women said. Hour after hour she sat beside the corpse, while the old women wailed and waved their rags. Malakay's wife said nothing, but her eyes rolled from side to side. At intervals the old women who guarded her went about the room examining every crack of the walls for a sight of the long fingers of Akop.

Suddenly the widow lifted her head and cried, " Malakay, Malak-a-y, take me with you where you go." She repeated it over and over.

Hours passed. The ceremony did not change.

From beneath the fish net the wife's cries came with melancholy regularity. The old women continued their vigil, sometimes stuffing the cracks against the evil

spirit, sometimes fanning the decaying corpse with their cloths.

The odor of death filled the room. We felt a strange agitation — a nervous trembling — which communicated itself from the natives to us. It was sinister.

At last we went home. All through the night we could hear the shrill cry, "Malak-a-y! Malak-a-y!" Drums never stopped thudding.

The ceremony went on the next day. At noon the medium called the spirits and made offerings. Outside the house there was feasting and drinking. But nothing interrupted the wails of the old women. The widow never stopped crying.

On the second day the guests gathered outside and selected a man for a new duty. Everyone, they said, should feel as miserable as the relatives of the dead man.

A native was chosen to increase the sorrow of everyone. He produced a bamboo stick, split at the end. Then calling out the men, one by one, he struck each one seventy-five times with the stick. This was to help the man feel sorry. It was a painful ceremony.

For hours we could hear the cracking of the split bamboo against naked flesh. My husband was excused from the ordeal; why, I do not know.

The next day they made ready to bury Malakay under the house among the bones of his ancestors. Native grave diggers turned up the soil. Before long the spade struck against a rock. The natives moaned. This was the flat stone covering the last body buried there.

Men descended into the grave, holding burning pine torches. They cried out to the spirits of the dead, "Here, you must light your pipes with these!"

When the grave was ready men climbed the ladder into the house. To each garment of the corpse they applied a torch, burning a hole. The smell of burning cloth hung in the air.

"Unless you do this," an old man explained, "the spirit, Ebwa, will envy him and will be sure to steal his clothes and maybe his body, too."

Twenty small coins were tucked into the belt of the corpse — spending money for the next world.

The ceremony was finished, we thought, but still the natives waited. It was very quiet. The old women stopped their wail; the widow ceased crying. Then the medium went to the dead man and knelt by his side. She begged the spirit to enter her body. The crowd was tense with excitement, watching.

In another minute the medium fell on the floor. They tried to arouse her but she showed no signs of life. At last they brought fire near her face and sprinkled water over her. She rose up suddenly and in a strange voice gave the last message of the dead man to his family.

Then the corpse, already stiff, was carried down the ladder. He was put into the grave and covered up.

As soon as the grave was filled, a fire was lighted at the foot of the house steps. For ten days it burned to frighten the spirit Ebwa away. For ten days the widow remained a prisoner in the house. It was only

when the fire had burnt itself out that she was allowed to go.

Around the grave they built a fence. Over it they hung a box containing the things Malakay's spirit would need in the next world — rice, eggs, coconut oil, jars to cook in, *basi,* tobacco, a hat, a bolo, and a palm-leaf rain coat.

During the funeral, Malakay's widow had conducted herself in every way according to the custom, and it was evident to us that her grief was genuine. Malakay had died of tuberculosis. Still before the fire at the foot of the house ladder had burned out, we heard murmurings against her. People told of the secret dances she had performed beneath the house and again the dread specter of *gamot* cast its shadow over the village.

Though Malakay was so well outfitted for the spirit world, he would not, according to Tinguian custom, be entirely dead for a year. At any rate, he would retain some connection with the mortal world, and during all that time, his widow must wear old clothes and go without beads.

It was soon after Malakay's funeral that we were invited to a *layog,* the ceremony made a year after a death.

"It is now a year since Angtan died," announced Dumagat one morning. "Her relatives will make *layog* to take away their sorrow. It will make them very happy if you attend."

We departed at once for the house. The relatives were all dressed in new clothes, the first time since

her death, and the women had put on arm beads again. Many people had gathered in the yard. The medium was busy with the spirits and *basi* flowed freely.

"*Basi* served at a *layog* is like tears for the dead," they explained.

Quantities of tears were shed that day, I may add.

Near the house a chair was arranged for the deceased with her clothes and beads as well as food and drink. Everything was done with an idea of pleasing her spirit.

After a feast which was followed by dancing and singing, we went up into the house. They rolled up the mat that had been used by Angtan and opened wide the windows. From now on her relatives could do as they pleased. Henceforth, Angtan would reside in Maglawa and would visit her people on earth no more.

* * * * * * * *

It was just after this that we experienced our first typhoon.

The rain had been falling steadily for days. One evening the wind began to rise and all night it blew harder and harder. By morning the roar was deafening and the rain fell in torrents. The natives were out early, shouting "*baguio*" above the din, anchoring their houses with rattan cords and bracing them with bamboo poles. The water beat through the sides of our house. We moved everything to the center of the room. The bamboo snapped, parts of buildings broke and flapped, our *balaoa* went down with a crash. Our house shiv-

ered, and the rattans, which bound it to the posts, squeaked as it swayed, but they did not break. No fires were built, and we ate cold food off a wet table.

All day the wind swept round us in its fury, steadily increasing. Late in the afternoon it grew less and it was a great relief when, in the evening, we realized that it was gradually dying. By morning the wind was quiet, and the sky a dull grey. It was a different world we looked out upon. Bamboo was bent and broken, the ground was covered with leaves, buildings and fences were wrecked.

Food became scarcer than ever. For weeks it was almost impossible to get anything, even chickens and eggs. There was nothing but food from tin cans three times a day. When it was possible Juan went out with the gun, sometimes bringing in a Mallard or doves. But more often after two or three hours' hunt, he came back with a small green papaya or some bamboo sprouts.

The green papaya, when prepared, had no taste save that of the salt in the water in which it was cooked. The bamboo sprouts reminded us of stewed toothpicks. Juan was so concerned over our diet that we tried to eat anything he brought, but we could not learn to like dried locusts.

Each morning Juan would stand by my chair and ask, "What you going to have for tiffin, Missus?" Then I would go and select tin cans.

I might as well have shut my eyes and grabbed so far as making any choice went, for things all tasted

alike. I resolved then that if I ever had the power, I would make it unlawful to put such tempting labels on tin cans. Even now if I try to imagine absolute zero in the scale of foods, canned roast beef comes first to my mind. But how many times I have selected it because the can looked inviting. Had it not been for olive oil we should have lost all sense of taste; salad dressing concealed the identity of many a tin.

It behooved us to see that the supplies did not fall short. There were no neighbors to borrow from if we ran out. Instead, we had to send to Vigan or Manila, which required several weeks. We ran out of coffee once, the first time we ever realized how good coffee did smell on a cold rainy morning. We waited and watched eagerly for that order. Finally, when the men arrived in a pouring rain, the sugar was wet, the oil can was leaking, and there were other evidences of disaster, but the coffee was safe.

The Tinguian borrow one thing — fire. It is not uncommon to see a woman going to a neighbor's and returning with a burning stick; otherwise, if her fire goes out she is compelled to make a new one. She rubs two bamboo sticks together rapidly until the friction causes a spark which ignites a bit of tinder. In a short time she has her own blaze.

The patience required in ordinary work with the natives was nothing compared to that necessary when dealing with the language. I often suspected that my husband was related to Job. This language has few general terms, but some twenty distinct words for ob-

jects like bamboo or bananas, each indicating a different variety or stage of growth. It has few true verbs, and nouns habitually add letters before, after, or in the middle to denote action. And there were other difficulties. My husband sent to various towns, asking the old men we had known to spend a few days with us that he might check up on the language.

As soon as the rains began to subside they came, several at a time, and there they squatted on our floor, these almost naked wild men, smoking their pipes and helping to make a grammar. Never had they experienced such concentrated thought, and they aged perceptibly during the ordeal. We fed them on rice and canned salmon, a sumptuous repast, three times a day. Sometimes we added *basi* after a particularly trying session.

One of our visitors was Bakileg who came all dressed up in a fine bark coat which my husband no sooner saw than he wished to buy. As soon as Bakileg was approached on the subject, he took it off and handed it over, saying, " I do not want money for it, as that will not keep off the cold wind."

Not to be outdone in courtesy, the anthropologist got out one of his own heavy coats and presented it to Bakileg. He was overjoyed. The coat hung on him like a sack; the tips of his fingers were barely visible as they dangled from the sleeves. But that was a small matter to Bakileg. All day he sat assisting with the language, the perspiration rolling down his cheeks, but he would not take off the coat. His social position in

MALAKAY DRESSED FOR BURIAL

A MEDIUM POSSESSED BY A SPIRIT TALKING TO THE PEOPLE AT THE TANGPOP CEREMONY. AT THE LEFT IS THE SPIRIT STRUCTURE CONTAINING A JAR OF BASI

his community was now forever fixed. No doubt that coat will appear at various ceremonies for a generation or more.

Sagmayao was one of our guests. He had the reputation of being the greatest headhunter in the province. He had entertained my husband in his own mountain home, and now this visit to the American pleased him greatly. He grasped our hands as though we had been old friends. He asked questions about everything in our house. He admired the flag, and rubbed his hand over the colored pictures, but he could not understand why the object pictured on the front did not extend through to the back. He thought they were shams.

The people of Patoc were not pleased over the visit of Sagmayao and his three companions. They had heard of the bravery of these men from the hills, and they were afraid to have them in their village. In fact, we could not find among these hospitable people one who was willing to have Sagmayao and his friends stay over night. We had to let them sleep in our dining room. Never have we entertained more appreciative guests. Our neighbors, we learned afterwards, did not even stay in their own houses, but gathered several families together in different parts of the village, with spears and headaxes easily accessible.

My husband was so intent on rounding out the collection that he forgot to reckon with the trend of the wild man's mind. He told Sagmayao that he needed some human skulls and would pay anyone for getting them. When the news spread the village was in a panic.

The only thing which saved the situation, and perhaps heads, was my husband's announcement to Sagmayao that the skulls must be very, very old. They would not be acceptable otherwise, he said.

These were strenuous days. Dumagat worked early and late with the visitors; my husband cut a wisdom tooth and contracted the *dhobie* itch. But the work on the grammar and the collection went on.

Gradually the rains grew less. We began to see the sun once more. Often early in the morning a thick mist would float through our room, as a cloud rolled down the mountain side. Then came beautiful spring weather and the trees sent out new leaves. Vegetables began to grow — string beans and white squash. Limes and bananas were brought to us. Juan lost his worried expression and presented empty tins and pickle bottles to all who brought things to sell. As soon as it was possible he rode to Bangued to market and discovered that sometime during this season we had adopted daylight saving time by accident. Our watches were an hour fast. We had been having breakfast at five o'clock!

As the rains ceased, cold winds blew over the mountains, and colds and malaria developed. Then ceremonies were performed. Coconut husks adorned with streamers of feathers were hung by the houses to cure headache. Split bamboo poles holding an egg or a dish of *basi* were planted by the house ladders. Fresh food was placed in the spirit houses. Nor was faith in the spirits lessened with the discovery that our quinine cured malaria.

"It drives out the evil spirit that is causing the sickness," explained Omnas.

About this time the rice terraces, which had been so beautiful in their covering of green, were turned to tiers of gold. The grain was ready to harvest. All the weeks and months of labor and anxiety were over. The spirits had heeded supplication and rewarded faithfulness. The rains had been sufficient, and the crop was abundant. A woman from each family, dressed in a new skirt, went forth to the field and cut, each stalk separately, one hundred bundles of the ripened grain. After that she was assisted by other members of the family. During the time that she cut alone, she was not allowed any salt; but lest the restriction be too severe, a little sand was placed in her food as a substitute.

We had always been welcome guests at Omnas' house, but when we went there one day during harvest, we were not allowed to enter.

"My wife is in the field," he explained, "if anyone enters our house during this time, we will have very bad luck."

He looked so distressed that we hastened to make our apologies — we did not know that his grain was ripe, and we would come again as soon as it was cut.

When the rice was dried and stored, he invited us to the ceremony made for the spirit of the granary. A pig's skull was hung inside; flesh tied in banana leaves was buried by each post; and a jar of *basi* was placed in a convenient spot for the use of the spirit who caused the rice to multiply.

"We must never open the granary at night," said

Omnas, "or evil spirits will enter and our grain will disappear. No one unknown to the spirit must take our grain or he will go blind."

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Week by week we learned the secrets of this strange land. And while we were entering more and more into their world, living their life and communing with their spirits, they, too, were changing. They even expressed the wish that we were their relatives. We were growing so much like them, they declared.

As interest in the book, which was to explain their customs to future generations, continued to grow, their desire that the information be accurate and complete became intense. Finally it broke down all barriers, and Omnas, acting as spokesman for a group of old men, informed us that we were to be adopted into the tribe.

We were excited by this announcement. It was an open avowal that we were qualified to become head-hunters. Anxiety as to the formalities of such an adoption were overshadowed by joy. All avenues would be open to us. Certain articles we had not been able to obtain, because they could not be possessed by those outside the tribe, could now be secured. Information, withheld for the same reason, would be obtainable. Best of all, as relatives we should be permitted to take part in all the ceremonies.

We learned that we should be initiated at Tangpap, a three day, hereditary ceremony which Omnas was about to make. During the building of the little house

and the killing of the sacrificial pigs the spirits were called by the medium. Many times, when she was possessed, we heard ourselves discussed. Finally we were decreed acceptable as relatives. We were called to the mat and given names by the spirits themselves. The anthropologist was christened Agawan Dumalawi by the spirit who knows many languages, while I was named Gimpawan Ginobayan.

Then came the final test. We were required to drink with the spirit a coconut shell of *basi.* After she had drunk the first half, we must drain the cup so that when she held it bottom up not a drop fell. My husband succeeded, and when the exacting spirit could get not the tiniest drop, she was satisfied and assured him that he was a good Tinguian.

I waited trembling. *Basi* and I were no friends. Ilabdangan, the spirit with whom I was to drink, slowly swallowed her half and handed the remainder to me. I had taken one swallow, wondering if I could possibly take it all, when there crept softly over my shoulder a brown hand which took the cup from me. It was Omnas who knew that without help I could never be a good headhunter. He drained the cup, even to the last drop and passed it back to me as easily as though we had rehearsed the part. I gave it to the medium who, still chanting, apparently had not noticed the transaction. I was pronounced a full fledged Tinguian. Then we danced *tadec.*

Omnas' act was typical of the consideration we always received. For more than a year we lived among

them, and we made many good friends. They were kind and tolerant of our strange ways; anxious to guard us from evil spirits and glad to make us acquainted with those kindly disposed. Their ways are not our ways, nor would we change them. They are happy and contented. They follow the custom.

The time came for us to leavè Patoc and the country of the Tinguian. Farewell calls had been made, goodbyes said. The packing was done and, tired out, we had retired for our last night in this land. The village was asleep.

Suddenly our bamboo ladder creaked, and that weird call "Apo-o" broke the stillness.

"Apo," answered my husband as he bounded from his bed. He lighted a candle just as there stepped into our room a supple brown figure, straight and strong. It was our old friend, Bulakano, come all the way from Manabo to see us once more. In his hands he bore a beautiful spear and shield. All the weariness of his long journey vanished in his joy at greeting us.

"I came," he said, "to see you before you go. When you came to my village, you lived in my house. I took pay for the use of my house, but that was not right. You are my friends. Now I bring you as a present this spear and shield."

Bulakano! Our savage gentleman!

CHAPTER 13

Bangued

THE great valley of the Abra is made up of mountains and valleys. It is separated from the coast by a range of mountains, and is difficult to enter except by the river which cuts its way through the heights.

When the Spaniards came, three hundred and fifty years ago, the greater part of the coast people accepted both the rule of Spain and the Christian religion. But the more conservative element retreated to the mountain valleys, and bade defiance to the newcomers and their faith.

To the Spaniards the Christianized natives were known as Ilocano, while the people of the mountains were called Tinguian or mountain dwellers. Relations were hostile. Toward the end of the seventeenth century raids against the coast settlements became frequent. In order to protect the Christianized natives as well as to aid in the conversion of the heathen, the Spaniards entered the valley of the Abra and established a garrison at Bangued. From there Augustinian friars worked tirelessly to convert the pagans, but with little success. The vast majority remained true to the faith of their fathers. It is their descendants who today are following the customs of generations back.

Those who were converted joined the Ilocano who had come from the coast. Their descendants occupy the peaceful town of Bangued. While they have been loyal to the Catholic Church, it has taken generations for the old superstitions to die out. Even within the memory of the present inhabitants, food was placed on graves for the spirit of the dead, and a pig's skull thrown into the river to prevent overflows.

There was always pleasure in coming back to this quaint and quiet city. Whitewashed public buildings and homes of the " rich," in Spanish style, are scattered among the humble dwellings with brown grass roofs, set in gardens of tropical foliage. Grass grown streets, seldom used except by pedestrians and an occasional carabao cart, lead out to low hills that surround the town. Beyond are patches of rice, tobacco, and sugar-cane, and on the hills grow spiked century plants. The hemp-like fibre of the century plant is woven into cloth. No train, no factory whistles disturb this quiet place. Only the deep-sounding church bells break the stillness as they call the people to prayer.

Sometime after Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, three American sailors were captured and taken to Bangued, then a hotbed of insurrection. These prisoners might have fared far worse, for though they were not allowed to go away, they were given the freedom of the town. The people of Bangued were rewarded for treating the strangers kindly, for these men taught them English. Today a kindly feeling exists between the inhabitants of Bangued and the Americans.

THE AUTHOR "AT HOME" IN BANGUED

STARTING DOWN THE ABRA

A VILLAGE BURIED AMID MANGO AND COCONUT TREES

Louisa, as she is known, was one of the most apt pupils of these men. For years she has been a teacher in the schools there, and through her understanding she has been of great assistance to both natives and foreigners. Lousia called on us the second day after we arrived. Each time we were there she helped us in many ways. She found us a *lavendero* (wash woman) and a grass man; she told us characteristics of her people and initiated us into the use of new foods; she introduced us to the most influential citizens and secured carriers for us when we went into the mountains; she brought us old residents who told us stories of former times; and she related their folktales to us. When we went away we tried to thank her for all she had meant to us. She said, "I will tell you our Philippine saying, 'I help you, you help someone else, and someone else helps me.'"

One night my husband went away and Louisa and Lutgarda, another teacher, came with their mats and pillows to spend the night with me. They told me of the hard times they had suffered during the war of the insurrection.

"At one time more than six thousand Spanish soldiers were imprisoned here," said Louisa. "They required so much food that there was little left for the people and many of us fled to the mountains where we lived the best we could."

"And then," broke in Lutgarda, "we heard that the Americans were coming and we were more afraid than ever. My people and other families came back to

my house, and we cooked quantities of rice and chickens, hoping that would please the new soldiers. My mother had heard that Americans were very fond of salt, so quite unbeknown to anyone, she filled two bowls which she kept on a high shelf. When the first American soldiers came to our house, my mother brought out these bowls of salt, and she was much surprised that they did not eat it all."

"What are those ruins of large buildings that I've seen all about town, like this one on the corner?" I asked, pointing almost across the street from us.

"Those," said Louisa, "were the best houses in town, all brick and plaster, built in Spanish style. The insurgents were camped across the river, and whenever they fired into the town, the Americans burned one of these best houses. This distressed the insurgents so that they surrendered."

"You should have seen how exciting it was," added Lutgarda, "when they all came marching into the plaza led by Colonel Villamor."

From our window, as we looked into the plaza, a peaceful playground for children and goats, it was difficult to imagine such turmoil. Juan Villamor, the leader of the insurgents, was a strong man, and when the Americans at once established schools in Bangued, he was convinced that they were working for the good of the natives, and he became a supporter of the new rule. Nowadays, the people are devoted to their schools and much English is spoken by the younger ones.

By the side of our house was a vacant lot, and just

beyond that the public school which opened at eight each morning. Often by six we would see a crowd of children waiting. With no clocks in their homes, they took no chances on being late. From our window we could look down into the school room where they sat studying. The girls wore stiffly starched, bright colored dresses; the boys wore clean white suits. They sang American songs.

Sometimes children from the mountains came to Bangued to school, and the first step in their education was to learn to sit on the benches. Coming from homes where there were no chairs, they had always squatted on the floor.

There was no newspaper in Bangued. Indeed there was little need for one — a bell or drum and town crier served quite as well. One morning a small boy ringing a bell walked through the streets, followed by a man carrying a black flag.

"Someone is dead," called Juan, as he started down the steps, "and people can ask the man who it is."

"It is only a poor man," he explained when he returned a quarter of an hour later, "if he had been rich, the church bells would have rung and there would have been feasting and celebrating."

Another day I was drawn to the window by an old man beating violently on a drum. Presently he stopped beating and began to shout in stentorian tones. I sent Juan out to learn the news.

"He says that a new law has been passed, Missus,

and now no more pigs are allowed to run loose on the streets."

We were pleased, for the pigs and goats were a nuisance when we walked in the streets. Then, too, pigs insisted on resting in the shade of our dining room, and every day we were forced to shoo them off while we ate.

Evidently, however, the pigs refused to obey the law. A week later the town crier was out again:

"Everybody hear!" he shouted. "All pigs running loose on the streets must have rings in their noses." But I don't believe the pigs obeyed that law either.

Invitations for balls, the chief social affairs, were informal. A boy went around at four in the afternoon to announce at the various houses that a *baile* would be held at nine that night. Then the natives went to bed to sleep until the appointed time, for they had no sympathy with our queer idea of letting work interfere with pleasure.

The wide boards of the floor were polished like glass and the orchestra was lively and loud. We enjoyed the dances though the natives laughed slyly at our awkwardness in the *rhigodon,* and stared with curiosity at our American dances. Once when my husband was waltzing with a native girl, he saw that she dropped something, but as he stopped to pick it up, she stuck her foot in it and danced on. It was her *chinela!* How they curled their toes to hold these heelless slippers on was always a mystery to me. But they rarely lost one.

The market woman, as a rule, goes barefooted. If,

as she walks along with a loaded basket on her head, she happens to drop her cigar, she picks it up with her toes, wipes it off on her skirt, and places it in her mouth or behind her ear where she wears it when not in use.

We were very busy each time we were in Bangued, typing notes and catalogues, developing pictures, packing collection, and doing the other things required of the anthropologist. But we made friends, too. The people were hospitable and solicitous for our comfort. If I was alone, Louisa and Lutgarda or Tranquilina and Anhela always stayed with me at night. They warned us that we must always beware of *ladrones* (robbers), so I slept with my gun under my pillow, knowing that Mauricio, making my bed in the morning, would see it and tell the water boy who would spread the news. And the *ladrones* never guessed how safe they would have been had I shot at them.

Across the narrow street from us Lutgarda, with her father and mother, lived in a bamboo kitchen which adjoined the fine new house they were building. I watched the construction of this house with interest. When we first came the roof was up, part of the floor laid, and I thought it would soon be done. Each day a number of men were there sawing the boards by hand, but I failed to see that they made any progress. When we returned after weeks of absence the building was little changed.

One day I ventured to ask Lutgarda, "When do you expect your house to be finished?"

"Oh, I do not know," she replied. "Already one roof

has worn out and they had to build another to protect the men from the sun and rain while they cut the boards."

It was the *mañana* habit which kept Lutgarda and her parents serene. Had we developed it early we should have been more comfortable, but it took us a long time to acquire it.

Our *lavendero* came each Sunday morning for our washing and returned that which she had taken the Sunday before. My husband was greatly distressed at her keeping it so long. He was positive that her husband wore his clothes during the week.

Each Sunday I said to Juan, "Juan, tell her that I must have those clothes by Wednesday."

"Yes, Missus," was the answer, and the next Sunday the clothes came back. Finally in desperation, I went each day to watch the process of the washing. Sunday she wet the clothes, beat them with a paddle on a rock, and spread them in the sun to dry; Monday she repeated the performance; Tuesday she did the same, except that she used soap on them; Wednesday, the same; Thursday she starched them; Friday and Saturday she ironed, using a charcoal iron on a hard pillow which lay on the floor before her. Our clothes came back to us very white, only those which formerly had been colored having even a shadow on them. They were beautifully ironed, and after we had become accustomed to them we didn't mind starched handkerchiefs so much.

We could not understand why it took Juan most of

the forenoon each day to buy enough for us to eat, until we had visited the market, the great open-air department store of Bangued. There sat the women on the ground in the hot sun or beneath umbrellas or bamboo sunshades, their wares spread out before them. The purchaser sauntered along till he came to something he was interested in; squatting before it, he squeezed, tasted, or smelled the article, inquiring, "How much?" There was no fixed price, and the merchant considered for a little before she named a sum two or three times as great as she expected. Then began a long battle of words which I often thought would surely end in blows. But after the battle everyone seemed happy, as the purchaser took his pineapple, fish, or a cake of sugar, and handed over a little more than his original offer.

I watched Juan argue for twenty minutes over a quart of string beans. Finally he came to me looking distressed.

"Did you get them?" I asked.

"Yes, Missus, but they are very dear."

"How much?"

"She wanted eight centavos, but I got them for six."

Twenty minutes he had argued to save us one cent!

One day I paid a woman her first price for a pair of *chinelas* and she suddenly became fearful lest she had not charged enough. She begged me to "please give a little more." Had I spent an hour of my valuable time arguing with her, she would have been satisfied with half the amount.

Again I left Juan to buy a dozen bananas, all a woman had of a kind we particularly liked. An hour later he came with half the bananas.

"The woman would not sell me all, Missus, for then she say she not have any more to sell." And it was true. It was not the sale but the selling that she enjoyed.

Juan never allowed his *mañana* habit to enter into his duties toward us. During the four years he was with us our interests were his first consideration. He never trusted the boiling of our drinking water to anyone but himself; and once when some strange beans were brought, he would not serve them to us until the day after he had eaten some of them himself to be sure they were not poisonous.

But he was slow. The first time we had guests — the Dickensons who had not before had an opportunity of dining out with Americans since they came to Bangued — we waited exactly two and one half hours for him to serve our dinner. Every fifteen minutes I went to the kitchen, begging him to hurry as we were waiting, and each time he replied, "Yes, Missus," which, at that time, I had not learned meant nothing at all. Yet I could never be angry with Juan. I knew that sometime things would come out all right.

His kitchen, with its bamboo floor and its boxes and bundles, ant-proofed, hanging from the roof by strings, was always a mystery to me; but he had a marvelous way of producing an excellent dinner over three stones sunk in a bed of ashes. He set a pot on the stones

and regulated the heat by pushing burning sticks under it. When one dish was cooked, it was kept warm in the ashes while another was prepared. It sounds easy, but it is not. One day we sent him on an errand which took most of the day, and we tried to get our own luncheon. The crackers burned black in the toasting, the dish upset and spilled the peas into the fire; everything was saturated with smoke; we were covered with soot. That night, when Juan, in immaculate white, served us a delicious meal, piping hot, I looked at him with new respect.

He had more persistency than any native I knew. One day he rode a horse that had run away with him three times.

"Aren't you afraid of that horse, Juan?" I asked on his return.

"No, Missus, I not afraid, for now I know his custom."

It distressed me greatly because he kept two or three live chickens tied in the kitchen, but he insisted on being ready for a rainy day when there would be no market.

"Juan, you must not keep chickens in the kitchen," was my regular admonition.

"Yes, Missus," he answered, non-committal.

And there the chickens stayed. It was much better that I keep out of the kitchen. The dishes came to the table shining and white, and why should I object that they had been washed on the floor? Far better for me to step to the door and feast my eyes

on the lavender orchids that hung from a tree by our porch.

* * * * * * * *

Sunday is a gay day in Bangued. It is church day, and it is also the market day. People come from the surrounding country to barter their wares. Sunday is the day when cock fights are legal.

From dawn, when we were awakened by the church bells, we would hear the intermittent scuff, scuff of heelless slippers, as the women went to mass. Later, when they had been home and exchanged the stiffly starched dresses for more common ones, they went to market, large baskets on their heads in place of the lace veils they had worn to church.

The streets were crowded. Country women passed with baskets piled high with produce — bananas, sweet potatoes, rice, fish, brown sugar, live chickens. Mountain people with loads of wood on their heads, or piles of baskets and mats passed by. Men walked toward the cockpit with game roosters under their arms. We looked down into the baskets with their conglomerate contents. From the odors wafted up, we knew that many of them held somewhere in their depths a small dish of a vile smelling concoction known as *bagong,* tiny fish packed in a jar till they were long " gone by."

By night the last ones had straggled home, the women with their baskets, the men with bleeding, featherless roosters under their arms. Sunday was over.

The time came when our work here was finished.

On a bamboo raft we floated down the Abra. Sixteen months before we had made our way up this great stream, through the deep cut in the mountains, into an unknown land. The river with its still depths and its roaring rapids had a different meaning for us now. We had seen it at flood tide, a mad rushing torrent fed by full tributaries sweeping down from the far mountains. We had followed those tributaries and had seen them almost at the source — tiny streams, gathering strength and volume as they rushed down the valleys, leaping over rocks, and adding their force to the great river.

The blue mountains in the distance were no longer fearful and unknown; they were peopled with friends, — relatives! And the blue haze on the hills was permeated with supernatural beings who guided and guarded the mortals on earth. We had been a part of that life. Cut off from the outside world, we had grown in the spirit of this country and had come to feel the power of those spirits. Now we floated down the river, the mountains with the mortals and immortals growing dim as we neared the sea.

The afternoon grew late. The sun slid down behind old Mt. Bulagao, leaving the world dark — all save the western sky, which was a blaze of red. A dugout canoe emerged from the darkness and slowly crossed our path. Three dark figures, bending to and fro as they plied long poles in the water, stood in the boat, silhouetted against the gorgeous sky — a picture never to be forgotten. It was our farewell to the Abra.

CHAPTER 14

Marooned in Manila

FOR five months I was alone in Vigan while my husband went to Apayao in the north, visiting some of the wildest country in Luzon.

An American teacher left for home just before we arrived in Vigan so I took her place in the school. But my heart was in the wild country. I wanted to go. The months dragged by as I waited.

When my husband returned he was thin and worn. Juan and the interpreter had malarial fever and many sores caused by the leeches. It had been difficult but interesting. My husband had assisted in a peace agreement between two hostile groups where a Chinese jar paid for a man's head and removed all ill feeling from the victim's family. He had found seventeen baskets holding human heads at the gate of one town. He had attended dog feasts and wild dances. Juan had killed a boa constrictor twenty-three feet long.

But there had been trips through dangerous rapids in a dugout canoe, and days of hiking through water and thick jungle. Wading in the river was preferred in order to escape the leeches. There were days and nights in wet clothing. Rations had dwindled until eels and ferns were their only food. It was a trip which would

NATIVE HOUSES ARE COOL AND AIRY

have been impossible for me, and this alone made me content to teach school.

At last we were ready to go to Manila. I dreamed of tasting beefsteak and ice cream again. In all these months we had had nothing cold, and in the absence of other fresh meat we had consumed hundreds of chickens.

The boat from Vigan to Manila was illusive. It never came when it was expected and it did not stop at Pan Dan at all if the sea were rough. We waited for a week, ready to go on a moment's notice, and then were aroused one morning at daybreak with the news that the boat had come. In a mad rush we dressed, said good-byes, and jumped into the constabulary wagon which took us to the beach. It was two miles out to the ship, with the waves running high and tossing the native boat about. At last we came alongside, grabbed at the steps, and at a propitious moment, leaped aboard.

A typhoon somewhere in the China Sea had left the waters rough. For the next three days we rolled and pitched. Meals were served on deck, but so far as most of us were concerned, it was not necessary that they be served at all.

My husband was not sick. He braced his shoulder against the back of the seat on which I lay and hour after hour held me from rolling into the sea. As I gazed through the railing down into the rough water, I felt that death might be preferable to seasickness. When we reached Manila where, in our fancy, we had eaten ice

cream and beefsteak, we went to the restaurant and ordered milk toast!

Modern Manila, after our life in the hills, was a real metropolis to us. It was hard to realize that at one time it had been like the country we had just left.

Four hundred years ago Manila was a quiet village of nipa huts raised high on piles over the shallow mouth of the Pasig River and the tidewaters of the bay. Chinese traders had come long before with porcelains, silks, and metals; and the Mohammedan Moros were working their way up from the south, so that there were rajahs and datos who possessed some wealth, while certain ones could even read and write in Hindu characters. But for the most part the natives were pagans with much the same culture as the Tinguian of today.

Four centuries ago Spain built a walled city and surrounded it with moats to thwart the advance of Mohammedanism. Within the walls were constructed churches, monasteries, convents, barracks, and administration buildings. Some of them have withstood the centuries and are in use today, though several times the city has been partly destroyed by earthquake.

Gradually the city grew till ten thousand people lived within its walls. The massive houses had tile roofs and spacious gloomy rooms with windows of oyster-shell glass. Barred balconies hung over the narrow streets. The lower floors were used for storage or for stables. Pigs and chickens were kept in the yards near polluted wells and cisterns. There were no sidewalks. People walked on the cobblestones and rubbish of the streets

through a maze of creaking carabao carts and horse drawn carriages. It was a hot, breathless, sunbaked city surrounded by moats of stagnant water. Mosquitoes hung over it in clouds.

Few natives lived in the walled city. They were in thatch and bamboo houses outside, but they were often on marshy ground with a polluted water supply.

The Spaniards feared the Chinese traders and gave them a special section outside the walled city. Even then they did not feel secure and several times fear or envy led them to massacre the inhabitants of the Chinese section.

A business district grew up along the Pasig River. Later a foreign residential section shaped itself. But sanitary conditions were bad and Manila came to be known as a "pest hole" — a city of a thousand smells.

One of the first acts of the American occupation was to drain the moats and to make of them green grass plots. The old walled city still stands with its towers and ramparts like an ancient European fortress; but the walls are broken in places to make way for streets and electric tram cars. Gardens grow on the tops of the walls. An aquarium with fish of many varieties and colors occupies one section of the old fortification. The narrow streets beneath the overhanging balconies are taxed to capacity with the two-wheeled, horse drawn vehicles, plodding carabao carts, and automobiles rushing by in a cloud of dust.

There is still the Chinese quarter with the Filipino wives of the merchants assisting in the open stalls; there

is the busy Escolta, the business street along the river, with its shops of every nation, its narrow walks and sauntering crowds.

The Bridge of Spain, an old landmark, has recently been replaced by the Jones Bridge, but the slow procession passing over it changes little, save that each year more automobile horns add din to the creaking wheels of carabao carts, the shouts of pony drivers, the sirens of bicycles, and the grunts of burden bearers.

Below the bridge the river is crowded with inter-island steamers, loading or unloading. Above, the water is only a narrow passage between rows of native craft tied along the shores. Beneath the bamboo shelters of these craft, whole families live from birth to death, while the boats ply up and down the river, bringing produce from inland to the city.

In Malate, Ermita, and other sections are the foreign dwellings set in gardens of shrubs and palms, papaya and banana, jasmine and the ilan-ilan — the perfume tree known as *dama de noche* (lady of the night).

There are the Botanical Gardens with tropical vegetation. There is the Luneta, that beautiful green where natives and foreigners gather for the sunset band concerts. Before them the bay is filled with ships of all nations.

Amid modern hotels, clubs, government buildings, hospitals, and schools, are native settlements where one sees the middle class and poorer Filipinos, men with their shirts hanging outside their trousers, and women

in trailing skirts and thin, stiff *pañuelos* — introduced by Spain three centuries ago.

Along the lagoons at the mouth of the river are men and women bathing, watering carabao, and filling jars and bamboo tubes with water. Women are always washing, slapping the clothes with paddles on flat rocks. Women pass to and from the market with baskets of fish or bundles of yellow bananas on their heads.

The life of these natives is not so different from that of three hundred years ago. This city is both old and new, oriental and occidental.

Manila held much of interest to us, but most interesting was our study of boat sailings, for we planned a vacation at home. Just at this time word came from Dr. Dorsey, head of the department at the Museum, that he would reach Manila soon and he wished my husband to go with him for a survey of the northern field. We waited.

My husband and Dr. Dorsey took the boat north. I remained in Manila. And things began to happen. Cholera broke out, and increased rapidly. Soon there were more than a hundred cases a day, an epidemic.

Ambulances became common in the streets. Police came daily to inspect the kitchen of our boarding house; the dishes were brought direct from scalding water to the table; all bread was toasted, and nothing uncooked was served. Private citizens became volunteer inspectors; chemical fire engines and water wagons sprayed the city with lime. All markets were closed. It was a bad time. Fear hung like a curtain over Manila.

One day I received a telegram from Vigan stating that our friend, Lieutenant Rowell, had been drowned in a native boat off Pan Dan. He had taken his wife out to the steamer for Manila. During the two hours he remained on the boat with her, the sea had grown rough. On his way back to shore a wave had smashed the little craft in two. No swimmer could live in that sea; he was drowned together with four native oarsmen. Dread of cholera sank into insignificance in my mind, as I tried to comfort his wife who knew nothing of her husband's death till she reached Manila.

One morning the storm signals were raised, and no boats were allowed to leave. A few hours later came a second signal. A light wind increased steadily till it became a gale, driving torrents of rain before it. For a day and a night we kept behind closed doors, trying to be cheerful in the dim light of a candle. The deafening storm howled outside. It was a typhoon.

Scarcely had we recovered from this nerve racking siege, than another came and then a third, all within ten days. Telegraph wires were down and no word came from the Bustamante, the ship on which my husband and Dr. Dorsey were to return. It was already overdue.

My new friends were kind. Every rumor from the north was telephoned or brought to us, and newspapers were eagerly scanned for news.

One morning when I went to the dining room for breakfast, no paper was in sight, though usually several were left by the early risers. I inquired of the table boys, but they seemed unable to find one. After breakfast I

went to the room of a friend to see the paper that her husband always left for her, but he had taken it that morning, and as I sauntered from room to room, I discovered that each husband had done the same thing.

Women stood around in groups, but as I joined them they seemed to be discussing nothing in particular. After lunch a boat official telephoned to know if I would like to send a letter to my husband as they were sending a relief ship north with food and water to meet the Bustamante.

I waited six more long days but no word came from the ship.

We had secured passage on a boat sailing for home on the twentieth, and my father and mother were to come through to San Francisco to meet us. The nineteenth came and no word from the north. The proprietress of the boarding house came to my room with advice:

"Aren't you going on the boat tomorrow, Mrs. Cole?"

"Yes, if my husband gets back."

"Well, if I were in your place, I should go. There are plenty of husbands in the world, but you will never have but one father and mother."

But I stood and watched our boat pull out for home without me.

The Bustamante was not lost at sea. She was in the Cagayan River in northern Luzon during the three typhoons. Her passengers, safe on shore, watched her

battle with the gale. One by one three anchors gave way, and the vessel was driven ashore.

The relief ship standing out at sea, was sighted by the marooned men, and they ran the high breakers in a native craft to board her.

There was rejoicing at the boarding house when we learned that the ship was coming in. For the first time, I learned that my friends had prevented my seeing a newspaper on that particular morning because it bore an unofficial report that the Bustamante had been lost.

But all ended well. We took the first boat for home, and I still have the same husband.

CHAPTER 15

The Pygmies

A YEAR later we returned to Manila. Juan was waiting on the wharf. It was good to see him waiting there, for without him our life in the Philippines would have been difficult indeed. Now he wanted to get back to the primitive, to savage magic and mystery. And so did we. For the Islands had thrown their spell upon us.

We planned to visit the Negritos, or pygmy blacks, across the bay from Manila. They are a remnant of the people who once roamed all these Islands. Now in the quiet of the hills, we found them living the simple life they have always lived.

These Islands were attached to the mainland of Asia long ago, and it was in the bygone ages that the little people wandered into this country. They are like certain groups in the Malay Peninsula and the Andaman Islands, and it seems unlikely that they made the long journey to these parts by sea. More likely they came by land bridges and roamed undisturbed. By the first century, there came from the south hardy Malayan warriors with metal weapons who looted, enslaved, and killed the pygmies. Unable to cope with these enemies, the little people drew back until they came to occupy

only the most inaccessible places. Here the remnants of the race continue to live today.

One hot morning we boarded a small boat which made the trip along the coast of the bay. It was little and old and reeking with the smell of fish. The sun was red and the bay seemed swooning in the tropic heat.

After three hours we landed at a fishing village and continued our journey, for another hour, in a *banca,* a huge chopping bowl made of a tree trunk with bamboo outriggers. In a nipa hut near the beach lived an American who was conducting the government experimental station, and we accepted his invitation to make this our headquarters while we hunted out the pygmies.

This was not easy, for they have no fixed habitation, but wander from place to place, as fancy calls them. With a native guide who spoke their language, we started on foot back into the mountains. Through thick underbrush, across small streams, and into dense bamboo thickets, we made our way. The guide carried a bolo with which he cut away fallen stalks for us to pass. We could not see anyone, but we felt that black eyes were turned on us from the jungle. For the Negritos' ears are sensitive to strange noises, and their knowledge of the forest enables them to hide like birds in the brush.

Finally we reached a clearing where shoots of corn were growing. There was no other sign of habitation. This was not unusual, as we found later. Although they plant small clearings in corn, rice and sweet potatoes they often desert the field before time for harvest and depend for their food on wild tubers, fruit, and game.

We went on, climbing up one hill and down another until a second clearing was reached. There among the thickets, we found a house. It was a shelter five feet square, with a roof of palm leaves, but without sides or floor. Inside was a raised platform of bamboo covering half the space. There was nothing else. We should have taken it for a deserted hut had it not been for a fire smoldering in one corner on the ground. Our guide understood from this that the house had been occupied only a few minutes before, and that now the family had run away.

As we neared another clearing, he cautioned us to step lightly. He crept ahead until he could see the people and assure them that we were friends. When we reached the shelter, three Negritos greeted us. Later, one by one, eleven others crept in from the jungle. We gave them presents — beads, brass medals, and strips of cloth, establishing our friendship with them. Then Baraca, headman of the tribe, appeared. He had been delayed, doubtless, by stopping to put on his regalia — a high silk hat, a clout, and a silver-headed cane. In his hand he carried an Ingersoll watch. He was an important man. His name, Baraca, means "monkey." A shout from him brought six curly heads from the jungle, and at a brief command they as quickly disappeared, carrying word to his people to come in.

Meanwhile, Juan cooked quantities of rice which we had brought, and by the time that some fifty had arrived, he had it ready on fresh banana leaves, garnished with canned salmon. We invited the pygmies to dinner.

They ate heartily and then they slept, nor was any argument of ours strong enough to dissuade them.

Day after day we visited these diminutive black men. As they became convinced that we were harmless, their timidity disappeared. They danced and sang for us. They allowed themselves to be photographed or measured, humoring us as though we were children.

The tallest of them came only to our shoulders. Their hair was black and kinky, and it was never combed. A few of them had a round spot shaved on the crown of the head "to let the heat out," but on most, the thick woolly mass stood out all over their heads. Nor did we blame them for not cutting their hair after we had seen the performance. A bolo was used by the barber who, in this case, was Baraca. The process was slow and painful.

They wore few clothes. The man's sole article of dress was a bark clout, though we did see in certain cases of extreme prosperity, a hat or a pair of trousers secured in trade from some other tribe. Then there was the high silk hat of Baraca bequeathed long ago by some white man to the group. The women wore only a "skirt," a strip from the inner bark of a tree, fastened around the waist and extending to the knees. These were never washed. Whenever we allowed the women to select cloth from our store, they chose black for they knew that it would not change color so quickly as red or blue calico.

Though they lack clothes, they are not without vanity. They will suffer much to be in style. Large scars on their breasts, arms, and backs, they explained,

A NEGRITO WOMAN HAS HER BODY SCARIFIED IN ORDER TO BE IN STYLE

PYGMIES MAKING FIRE WITH BAMBOO STICKS

were made by making incisions with a sharp piece of bamboo and rubbing dirt into the wounds so that they would become infected. They also sharpen their teeth into points, and make holes in their ears to hold leaves and flowers.

Nights in the mountains were chilly, and they had no blankets. They went to bed soon after sunset. Little fires smoldered beneath bamboo platforms on which they slept. If there were too many in the family for all to get on the platform, the coals were raked out, and some curled up in the warm ashes. Sleeping in the fire-place is not conducive to cleanliness. But what of that? They never used water for bathing purposes lest, in removing from their skins the layers of dirt and ashes, they catch cold.

The pygmies take no thought for the morrow. They never plan ahead to get enough to eat. There is scarcely anything in the animal or vegetable kingdom of their country with which their stomachs are not acquainted. Fish, eels, wild boar, deer, wild chickens, lizards, crows, and hawks are all in their regular menu, while a large python furnishes them with particularly toothsome steaks. When necessity compels them to become vegetarians they eat any kind of fruit or tuber which they can find, even some which in the raw state are deadly poison.

We watched Layos prepare a poisonous vegetable, a yellow tuber. She cut it into thin slices and soaked it in different waters for two days, then she boiled it, changing the water till it had lost all its yellow color.

In order to be sure that no poison remained, she then fed some of it to a dog, and as he did not die, she served it to the family.

Both men and women wore necklaces of dried berries which we supposed were ornaments. We found, however, that they were worn because the Negritos, having no pockets, had no other way of carrying them. The berries were a cure for indigestion and when one felt a pain he pulled off a berry and ate it. It was not uncommon to see these necklaces with very few berries left.

Though the Negritos have an antipathy for work in general, they are tireless in the chase. All the ingenuity they possess is devoted to making bows and arrows, traps and snares. The bows are cut from *palma brava* and highly polished; the strings are of twisted bark made soft and pliable, while the arrows are well feathered and cleverly fashioned.

Their rules of etiquette were not quite clear in entertaining us, and they appeared content to subsist on our daily feast of rice and salmon. But one day we suggested to Baraca that they go on a hunt to secure some deer for us.

"Oh, yes," he replied willingly, "we go tomorrow."

The next morning thirty men, each carrying a bow greater than his height and a handful of arrows, started out. They were accompanied by several half-starved curs, and some women who were called on because there was a scarcity of dogs. They went into a thickly wooded ravine where they believed deer were lying in the cool

shelter. Several men and women plunged into the thicket yelling and beating the underbrush. The rest waited outside until a frightened deer sprang out. Then they shot at it with their arrows but missed, and the dogs took up the chase. Soon the deer became entangled in a rope net that had been stretched in its path. We shouted as we ran to the spot where they were already skinning the animal. Baraca took the heart, and cutting it into small pieces, scattered it in all directions, chanting a prayer of thanks to the spirits for their aid in the chase.

The animal was cut up and divided among the hunters. A hind quarter was handed over to Juan for us. It was an occasion for rejoicing on our part, too, for the cook at Lamay was so poor that we had been finding it necessary to subsist mainly on pineapples and papayas raised at the station. But now Juan had a chance to practice his skill, and we, too, had a feast.

The Negritos' manner of eating was as simple as the rest of their life. They never had more than two meals a day and usually only one. When hungry they put some rice or tubers into a joint of green bamboo and placed it in the coals and hot ashes to bake. If there was meat small pieces were strung on a strip of cane and hung over the fire ; or if a fowl was to be cooked, it was wrapped in banana leaves and roasted over the coals. When it was done, the members of the family and any others who happened to be near sat down on the ground near the fire, turned out the food on a banana leaf and began to eat ravenously. There were no plates, no knives and forks, no table to be cleared, no dishes to

be washed. When they had eaten all they could hold or all there was, they tipped up a bamboo tube filled with water and drank. Then it was the time to sleep. The monkeys in the trees were not more carefree.

Religion does not worry the Negrito, and he is unencumbered by creed or dogma. All places are inhabited by spirits, and all adverse circumstances — sickness and unsuccessful hunts — are attributed to them. But so long as all goes well, the spirits are not considered. There is a certain black rock which is the home of one powerful immortal, and into this all spirits of the dead seem to go. When we passed this stone, each carrier left some article of food, lest bad luck should follow him; but the offering made, his responsibility ceased, and he had no fear.

One day Baraca told us that a boy and a girl wished to get married and that we were invited to make the wedding feast. We accepted gladly, and while Juan prepared the rice and salmon, Baraca issued invitations to the various relatives of the pair. It seems that the preliminaries had already been made, the parents had consulted with each other as to the amount necessary to compensate the girl's people for the loss of a daughter, and the gifts of tobacco, corn, and rattan had been handed over. Now they were ready for the ceremony. Little time was lost in the carrying out of this form, for food was ready and appetites keen.

I shall never forget that wedding ceremony there in the lush jungle. Except for us the scene might have been staged ten thousand years ago. There was a small

clearing beside a stream and in a circle the pygmies crouched around a fire. Black men and black women in a green jungle. Not a single object produced by civilization. The one garment worn by the bride was a skirt made of beaten bark, but her lack of clothing was made up for in other ways. On her chest, back, arms, and legs were scarifications in designs, and her skin, coated with grease, glistened in the firelight.

The bridegroom was as tall, perhaps, as a boy of ten, and his chest was decorated with scars. He wore only a breech clout.

The bride and bridegroom were seated on opposite sides of a banana leaf spread on the ground. Juan spread out a portion of rice upon the leaf. The bridegroom reached down, took a steaming handful and filled the mouth of the girl. It was hot. She made a wry face and swallowed it. Then grabbing up a handful of the steaming fish she crammed it into his mouth in like manner. At this the guests gave a loud shout and sprang to their feet. The ceremony was over. They were married.

When the guests had finished eating they curled up on the ground and slept, all in a heap. My husband and I sat nearby watching them. Snores sounded in the jungle. They were like well-fed puppies taking a nap.

It was perhaps an hour later that they began to rouse themselves. One by one they sat up, yawned, stretched, scratched themselves, as is their custom. At last a man began to play upon a bamboo jew's-harp,

another on a four hole flute made from mountain cane. A third played upon a bamboo violin.

The dancing began. The pygmies have only four notes in their scale but the music was sweet even to our untrained ears. Several elaborate dances were performed that afternoon. One of them, a pantomime, would have been unintelligible to us had not Baraca explained it. It was called the "Sweet Potato Dance." The orchestra played a prelude, and the pygmies sat in a circle, clapping their hands. A tiny black man leaped into an open space and danced in a circle, clapping his hands. Then, as the rhythm changed, he began a second step. This time his arms moved in unison with the steps. He appeared to be hunting for something. Baraca whispered that he was trying to find the sweet potato patch. He bounded high in the air, clapping his hands; he expressed joy — he had found what he was seeking. Then he went through the motions of putting the potatoes into a sack. Each movement was in perfect time to the music. Another change of rhythm: the imaginary sack was swung over his shoulder and he went swaggering off. Again he danced in a circle with the imaginary sack upon his back. This time he went cautiously, keeping watch as though he was afraid the potatoes he had stolen would be taken from him. Another figure in the dance: this time he pretended to be passing obstacles in his path. He climbed fences, and with a knife he cut an opening through an imaginary thicket. At last he came to a river. Here he pretended to test the depth of the water with a long stick. Now

came the climax of the dance. In his haste to cross the river he slipped and fell. The imaginary sack dropped into the imaginary river and was carried away. He was desolate. The dance ended and the spectators shouted. All through the pantomime he had kept perfect time to the music.

The Negritos have many dances, but know only two songs. These, however, are appropriate for all occasions. One, a love song, had countless verses, but it so embarrassed the singer that we rarely insisted upon hearing it. The other was sung at any time, and while the music was always the same, the words were made to fit the occasion. When it was sung for us, it was often a request for a gift, or, if the hunt had been unsuccessful, it hinted that we give a banquet. Several men, each with his hand over his mouth, would walk around in a circle, crouching, the leader striking a note which he held as long as he could, when the others took it up. They moved faster and faster, stopped abruptly, went back a few steps and began over again. After working themselves to the proper pitch, they began the song which, though only one sentence, was sung over and over. Juan never waited for the end; as soon as the first line was sung, he started for the bag of rice, and the little people, encouraged, continued the song till the food was cooked.

In recording in our notes the account of the wedding, we discovered that the bride and bridegroom were both named Layos (the word for flood). We questioned them and found that a Negrito has only one name, and

there is no difference between the masculine and feminine. A child is usually named after an important event or object which is near at the time of its birth. These young people were about the same age and were born, probably, during a season especially wet.

It is easy to see why the pygmies move so often: they have no furniture, no wardrobe, no cooking utensils. They take their bows and arrows, perhaps a musical instrument or two, and go to their new home. A "house" is erected in an hour or so; a fire is made by rubbing two sticks rapidly together; and in an incredibly short time, they are settled.

"Apayag," said my husband one day while we were huddled under his house waiting for a storm to pass "do you know what makes it rain?"

"No," answered Apayag; he had never thought of it before.

Then he listened while my husband told of the evaporation of water, the action of the sun on the clouds, and the precipitation. When he had finished, we waited for some evidence of a thirst for knowledge on Apayag's part. He appeared indifferent.

After a long pause, he said, "Now that you know all this, can you make it rain?"

The last day we were with the pygmies, we asked Baraca, "What shall we bring you the next time we come?"

He looked at his inadequate clout — the only clothing he wore — "You need not bring me a clout, for I have one."

THE AUTHOR'S HUSBAND WITH A PYGMY FRIEND

NATIVES SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON A BAMBOO RAFT

Then he looked into his bare house, at his silk hat hanging on a crooked stick, at his silver-headed cane stuck in the roof, his watch dangling from his clout. He sighed. "I have everything."

So we left these little people at peace in the hills. They had enjoyed our visit, but it had been strenuous. Now they could return to their quiet lives. And after all there is nothing in the world that a pygmy loves so much as rest.

CHAPTER 16

Soul Catching

WE spent Christmas in cholera quarantine in Cebu, one of the hottest spots I have encountered on this earth. We were bound for Mindanao, that great island to the south, lured there by scant government reports of the Bukidnon who practice soul catching; of the Mandaya, who live in trees; and of the Bagobo, who perform human sacrifice, and were suspected of being cannibalistic.

It had been our plan to reach Cagayan on the north coast of Mindanao for the holidays, but our plans did not affect the sailings of ships in these seas. The government transport from Manila landed us at Iloilo where we were to transfer to a coast guard ship. We waited a day and a night, then boarded the boat, expecting to sail at any moment. We waited another day. At six o'clock that evening we sailed. The sea was rough and grew increasingly so at night. The little vessel tipped this way and that, gliding to the top of a water peak and teetering there as though trying to decide which way to slide down. First the Filipinos got sick, then the Spanish *padre,* followed by two American teachers and myself. Then my husband had his first experience. He had always thought be-

fore that seasickness was a mental state. He knows better now.

Cebu had undergone an epidemic of cholera. More than two hundred bodies lay unburied in the cemetery. The people were panic stricken. Now the disease was abating. No new cases had been reported for four days, but the government had established strict quarantine. Soon after our arrival, the little yellow flag was run up over our boat, and for the next three days we were held prisoners alongside a hot wharf where flies and mosquitoes swarmed. It was Christmas day. The other first-class passengers had reached their destinations, so we were alone to eat the cold storage turkey and tinned plum pudding with the English Captain. After that we read and slept and consulted our watches, subtracting fourteen hours from the time, and imagined the Christmas celebration going on at home.

Juan, who had gone on a Spanish boat with the cargo, awaited us at Cagayan. The rough sea had been caused by a storm which had struck this section, killing many natives. The shore was strewn with brush and trees and parts of houses brought down by the river.

Cagayan was a Christian town and anxious for independence, so Americans were not popular. The recent cholera, they said, was caused by an American all in black who went around after dark poisoning their wells. At night our sleep was disturbed by the loud reports from bamboo guns fired to frighten him away.

After a few days with the half dozen Americans on the coast, we struck back into the hills to find the Bukid-

non. The trail led over a high tableland, through tall cogon grass, and down to a river. For two miles we tramped over hot rocks. The shady, slippery path led up another mountain, made an abrupt bend and brought us to the mouth of a cave. It was still and dark. During the war, insurgents had killed seventeen American soldiers as they came this lonely way. A little beyond this we began to see the Bukidnon huts which looked like haystacks in clearings of the jungle. It was not until we were quite near that we could see that the overhanging roofs of brown grass sheltered bamboo floors raised high from the ground.

For generations the Bukidnon have occupied the high tablelands and deep canyons of North Central Mindanao. They live in isolated groups in constant fear of the Moro and other hostile people. Now the government was trying to persuade them to settle in larger communities on the highlands, where they could be protected from their enemies and where they could be more easily governed. Many of them built houses facing the square or oblong grass plots prescribed, and they spent part of their time in this more civilized way. But in scattered huts on the hill sides with tiny fields of hemp and cotton they are happiest.

We stopped for a while at Mambwaya with an American on a plantation. He raised hemp, coffee, and cacao. He had not spoken to a white woman for more than a year, but he made us quite at home in his board house, raised native fashion, high above the ground. He enjoyed our phonograph concerts and Juan's cooking,

and ate with us, while his native wife dined in the kitchen. She was a Tagalog; Juan was Ilocano; Sixto, whom we had annexed as interpreter, was Visayan; and the planter's house boy was Bukidnon. So with English and Spanish, which we used sometimes in talking with Juan, six languages were spoken under that roof.

The jungle came so close to the house on one side that we fought with bugs, mosquitoes, and all sorts of creepy things. At night we heard chirpings and strange calls and barking of deer on the mountain side.

The Moro, who lived over the range of mountains, were friendly to neither the Bukidnon nor the American. They had once raided a village close to this plantation. Our host had ridden post haste to Cagayan for the soldiers, which led the Moro to send him word that they would drive him out next. He had selected a large rock near the narrow trail over which they must come, and from behind this he planned that he could pick them off one by one with his rifle. So we slept with our guns under our pillows, and listened to the strange noises of the jungle night.

During the day the Bukidnon came along this narrow trail. Groups of men and women with bundles of hemp or sacks of coffee on their backs strode single file, each group led by a man with his spear and shield ready for use. They sold their products to our host, and then in the little store under his house, they bought cloth, and beads, and salmon.

These "people of the hills" were quite different in appearance from our friends in Northern Luzon. They

resembled animated bedquilts. Their voluminous garments of red, blue and white strips of cloth sewed together were trimmed with tiny squares and triangles applied with the finest of stitches. Turkey-red calico, embroidered in elaborate designs, encircled the heads of the men. The women wore carved combs adorned with red tassels and beads which fell over their ears. When they opened their mouths, they displayed rows of blackened teeth cut into points or bored and inlaid with brass wire. To keep the teeth properly black, they chewed buyo (betel-nut covered with lime and wrapped in a bit of green leaf) and spit the blood red juice without regard for their surroundings.

Our host's business received a great impetus after our arrival. The news of our phonograph spread rapidly, and the Bukidnon, who dislike work more than anything else, hastened to strip hemp or gather coffee which they brought on their backs, or on the backs of their wives, to Mambwaya where they would have a chance to hear the music and see the queer visitors.

We entertained them with music, questioned them and took their pictures. Finally we bought the clothes off their backs and they departed for the store beneath the house where they purchased more cloth and beads and brass wire.

One day during the questioning, we noticed that Manantoson was suffering from fever and we gave him some quinine. The next day he came smiling, entirely cured. Behind him were men bringing a girl so ill that she could not walk. We gave her a dose of castor oil.

A PYGMY WEDDING

A PYGMY DANCE

A PYGMY MOTHER

(*Photo by Philippine Bureau of Science*)

She smacked her lips, and in fifteen minutes she was up walking about. This was the beginning of a series of cures, cures of such a marked and rapid nature that they would have brought joy to the heart of any physician.

These people loved castor oil and were willing to be cured of anything if they could only taste it. One man had had a lump in his stomach for seven years, a woman sweat under her finger nails, while another was troubled with nose bleed. Castor oil cured them all. The time came, however, when we saw that we must conserve our castor oil, so we substituted Epsom salts. There was a marked falling off in patients.

The Bukidnon had very little to eat aside from sweet potatoes, rice, and bananas. We looked forward to the dark of the moon to get some deer. When that time came, my husband and our host, with lights fastened on their foreheads, went to the side of a mountain which had been burned over and was now covered with tender green grass. Here deer were feeding. At the approach of the men, the animals stood fascinated, staring till they were shot down. The meat was tender and delicious. We tried to eat enough in the dark of the moon to last us the month.

Our host prided himself that he never mistook a deer at night. He always waited till he saw both eyes, he said, and he never made a mistake. One night I had sat up until three o'clock, waiting for the hunters to come in when I heard our host coming wearily toward the house.

"Did you get anything?" I called.

"Yes," he replied sadly, "I got my horse."

It was a sad party that sat around the breakfast table, for we knew he could ill afford to lose his horse. Then they started out. My husband went in one direction with some natives to get the deer he had killed, and our host went in the other to skin his horse and give the meat to the Bukidnon who eagerly awaited such a feast. When they returned our host was more down-hearted than ever.

"Mr. Cole," he said, "it was worse than I thought. It was not my horse that I killed. It was yours!"

Now it happened that this horse was in bad standing in our family. He was lazy and unreliable. Only the week before my husband had ridden him to Cagayan, and had got him back only by whipping him soundly. Not recognizing all the botanical specimens, my husband had cut a poisonous shrub for a switch and had been badly infected. His hand was poisoned and for three days he had nursed a painful face with both eyes swollen shut. So if one of the horses had to be killed, this was the one which called for the least mourning.

Bakbak, the headman of Langawan, was a frequent visitor. He suggested that his people would be pleased to have us make their village a visit; they wanted us to bring the phonograph. When we were convinced that our presence would be welcome, we moved to the new village, about two hours' ride away from the American's plantation.

It was a pretty village set on a bluff above a river

and was surrounded on three sides by wooded hills. On the slopes, at night, flickered scattered lights, marking tiny clearings where, almost hidden in patches of hemp, were the haystack huts, the country homes of these people.

In the presidentia, or town house, which the government required each new village to build, we made our home. We should have been quite comfortable had it not been for the centipedes in the roof. One dropped on our dinner table the first night. The lizard to which he was clinging dropped his tail and departed, but the centipede, still holding the lizard's tail remained until he was forcibly removed by Juan. From time to time they dropped from the roof until at last we were compelled to stretch a tarpaulin and sit under that as much as possible.

Otherwise we were quite free from annoyances, unless we might call our frequent visitors pests. We always had to insist on their going home at night. There were rare occasions during the day when we found ourselves alone for a few moments, and if, in order to grasp that opportunity to change our clothing, we hung oilcloth over our windows, the observers perched in the windows of the neighboring houses were frankly disappointed. The whole town accompanied us to the river, and we had to take our baths in our bathing suits.

Bakbak informed us one day that they were going to have a wedding the next day and that we were invited. We accepted the invitation and were ready to start the next morning when a man arrived with the news

that the pig had got away. They could not have the wedding until the pig was caught. Three days later the ceremony took place.

We climbed the notched pole up into the dark little room. It was already filled with squatting men and women chewing buyo and spitting everywhere. Presently the bridal party — minus the bride — approached. In front, armed with spear and shield, a man danced furiously. He charged, retreated, and brandished his spear, appearing to be in combat with an enemy. Following him were men with drums, and two men leading the bridegroom, a boy of eight years old.

After they had squatted upon the floor, Banlag, the bride's uncle, spread a mat. On the mat he arranged many little sticks — ten large sticks in one row and ten piles of two each in a parallel row.

"You must buy these sticks to pay for the bride of Dumlay," he said.

The bargaining started; the wedding became a market, and as noisy. But at last all parties had been satisfied; the sticks were exchanged for skirts, a bolo, arm rings, red cloth, and Chinese plates. Betel-nut was passed.

Now they brought out Toltol, the bride, a girl of six, who, up to this time, had been concealed behind a curtain in one corner of the room. The bride and bridegroom were seated opposite a bowl of cooked rice. The bridegroom dug a handful of rice out of the bowl and crammed it into the bride's mouth; she gulped it down hurriedly, thrust her hand into the bowl, and fed him in

the same way. They were man and wife. A wedding in Bukidnon country is complicated in only one way — paying for the bride.

Each Bukidnon has several wives, as many as he can afford. Bakbak himself was the father of twenty-nine children. Twenty-seven of them were boys. At that time he wore a headband, half white and half black, in mourning for one of his wives who had died recently. Had she been his only wife, he told us, the headband would have been all black. A man mourns one year for his dead wife and then a ceremony is made to dispel his sorrow; but wives are required to grieve for two years over a dead husband.

Bakbak came to us one day very sick. He had a stiff neck; he was sure he would die. After a consultation we decided that rubbing would do it more good than anything else, and gave him surgical soap with instructions to rub his neck with it vigorously. The next day he nearly disjointed his neck, twisting it to prove his complete cure. From that time on he could not do enough for us. He brought us chickens and eggs, both scarce, and insisted that his people should bring us as many as we needed. And Juan encouraged them with gifts as well as money — an empty milk can for eggs and a larger can or even a bottle for a chicken.

I am sure they considered us gluttons and too much given to concern for the next meal. They were quite casual themselves in such matters. When they saw things to eat, they ate, whether the food belonged to them or not. One morning Juan had made breakfast

for himself and Sixto but stepped out a few minutes to buy some bananas. While he was gone Pigdo walked in and ate the breakfast.

We were a never-ending source of interest to these people. Tampil came in one morning while I was typewriting. He stood quite close, watched for some time, and left without speaking. I wondered if he had been trying to read what I wrote. That night he returned with a piece of new cloth he had made a special trip to buy from the American store. He asked how much I would charge to make him a pair of trousers. Once, in Cagayan, he had watched clothes being made on a hand sewing machine, and Juan argued for an hour to convince him that trousers could not be made on a typewriter.

We were interested in everything the Bukidnon did, but we wanted most to see some soul catching, a thing difficult to do. There are spirits everywhere — in the sky, in the trees, in cliffs, in stones and water. My husband had great trouble with them; he would get one straightened out only to find that that one was ten or a dozen joined together.

It is the *baylans,* men and women who have the power to discover the cause of sickness, and to conduct ceremonies, who know more of these beings than anyone else.

The most powerful of all the spirits lives in the sky in a house without windows, for if men should look upon this powerful being, they would straightway melt into water. They speak his name in whispers, and then only

rarely, lest he make people sick. On one occasion my husband questioned an old woman, a *baylan,* about the dreaded spirit. She talked a few minutes. Her nervousness increased, she began to tremble violently and her voice died out in a hoarse gibbering cry. She swayed forward and vomited. It was some time before she could sit up.

At another time my husband brought all the *baylans* of Langawan together, four of them, and insisted to them that the powerful spirit would be very glad to have his name in a book so that their children would not forget it in a hundred years. The *baylans* grew excited, all talked at once; they stopped suddenly; no one moved. The head *baylan* began a prayer in a whisper, muttering almost inaudibly. We heard, "Magbabaya nang-gano tilokan nanilampan (Magbabaya, most powerful of all, destroyer of competitors!)." Presently he cried out with severe pains in his stomach, and it took two doses of castor oil and an external application of surgical soap to restore him to health.

Because of the great power of the supernatural beings over these people, we found it necessary to question them very cautiously. They have to use eternal vigilance in guarding their souls or *gimokod.* Each Bukidnon has seven souls: a *gimokod* which jumps on the cliff; a *gimokod* which swims in the water; a *gimokod* which puts its hands in snake holes; a *gimokod* which sits under a tree; another which is always walking about; another which is awake in the day; and one which is awake at night. So long as all these *gimokod*

remain in the body, the person is well and strong. If one leaves the body, illness and emaciation set in. If all the *gimokod* leave at once, he dies.

One night one of Pigdo's *gimokod* wandered off. It was hard on Pigdo, but it enabled us to see a soul caught. In the early morning they began the rites out of respect for the wanderer, for if anything happened to the soul while it was away from the body, they told us, Pigdo would suffer terribly. It was necessary to get it back as soon as possible.

Many people had gathered around Pigdo. He lay on a mat in one corner. The guests, looking worried, squatted along the sides of the room. The *baylan* killed a chicken and cooked it. He cut off the feet and legs of the fowl since they would encourage the soul to wander further. He placed the chicken and some cooked rice near an open brass betel box on a mat on the floor. He called in turn on each soul:

"You, soul, walking about! You, soul, who sits under a tree! You must enter this box!"

The guests ate the chicken and rice, but the box was not touched until they had finished. Then the *baylan*, muttering softly, quickly snapped down the cover. The soul was caught. The next morning he placed the box on the sick man's head, and slowly lifting the top, said:

"Soul of this man, return to him, so that he will be well."

That was all. The wandering soul had been brought safely back. Pigdo was well again.

All the time that we were in this country, we exercised the greatest care not to offend the spirits, for these beings seemed more suspicious than those of the north. The people were more nervous and high strung. But toward the end of our stay something happened which might have resulted seriously for us.

It was their yearly harvest festival, when they give a feast and pay their debts to the spirits. Chickens were sacrificed; prayers were offered. For three nights they sang and danced until dawn, accompanied by an orchestra of women who sat on the floor and beat on a mat with their hands.

On the fourth day the *baylans* waved leaves sprinkled with blood over the heads of all who had been ill during the year. They baptized the sick with water, that their minds would be clear and their souls stay in their proper places.

That night seemed to us a good time to take a flashlight picture. For days we had talked to them about it, showing them the apparatus, explaining the flash, and preparing them for the explosion. That night Sixto explained it again, and they seemed to understand. Then the lights were put out, the flash set off, and the camera snapped. It was followed by absolute silence. No one moved. Juan relighted the torches, and we looked upon a roomful of frightened and troubled faces. It had been beyond their comprehension. Lightning had been produced in that room. There were grave doubts as to how the spirits would take it. Our hosts were stunned.

For the next few days we were not certain of our

standing in the community. Bakbak looked pale, and we feared that one of his *gimokod* was missing. We lavished on them castor oil, quinine, cough syrup, and surgical soap. We played the phonograph day and night. We encouraged Juan to make his kitchen a free restaurant with meals at all hours. Gradually all the *gimokod* seemed to settle back to their proper haunts. No dire calamity befell the place, and we regained their friendship. We decided to confine ourselves to sunlight pictures after that.

The natives gathered at the presidentia the morning we were to leave. Bakbak looked sad but was anxious to assist. We allowed him to let the air out of the mattresses, and we presented him with many pickle bottles, cracker boxes, and some unopened cans. We tried to cheer him up, but it was evident that something was on his mind. We hoped it was not a case of a wandering soul. Just as we were about to mount our horses, he came to us.

"Sir and Missus," he said, "it is better that you had never come. We never have had so much good time in our lives. Now we shall miss you too much."

CHAPTER 17

We Pass Inspection

THERE had appeared one day at the American's plantation a distinguished looking gentleman. He was somewhat taller than the other Bukidnon men; his skin was a lighter hue; his teeth were the blackest we had seen, and he wore side whiskers.

He displayed no inclination to be friendly and went away without making himself known. When we inquired who he might be, Bakbak was surprised that we had failed to recognize him.

"That was Dato Tabyan of Dagondalahan," he said.

One day in Langawan he appeared again. This time he wore the most elaborate costume we had seen — skin-tight trousers of red, entirely covered with fine embroidery, and an unusually full blouse made of tiniest pieces neatly patched together. We tried to talk to him, and we gave him pictures, but it was evident that he was not yet ready to accept our advances.

The third time that he came to visit us, we were convinced that we had passed judgment, for he brought us an *antin-antin,* a thing we had wanted most to secure. An *antin-antin* is not much to look upon, but it holds within itself a magical power unsurpassed for protecting

its wearer. It was a strip of faded red cloth in whose folds were three queerly shaped stones, some broken bits of shell, and the hair cud taken from the stomach of a deer. We knew, since Bakbak had told us, that no warrior wearing this faded belt across his chest could be dealt a fatal blow. The gift of this coveted *antin-antin* quite overcame us. We inquired what we could do for our generous guest. He informed us that he wished us to come to his town and bring our phonograph.

Dagondalahan was forty-five miles farther inland, on the very edge of the Bukidnon territory. To reach it we must go through a section so close to the renegade Moro from Lake Lanao that it was dangerous. But the village promised so much of interest to the anthropologist that we accepted the invitation.

Early in the trip we crossed a broad river where the water dashed over great rocks with a roar that was deafening. The horses, compelled to leap from one slippery rock to another, would hesitate on one to estimate the distance before jumping to the next. Three times my horse, miscalculating, slipped down into the rushing water. But aside from a few scratches I was uninjured.

It was a wild country. We were compelled to change carriers often, as they dared not venture far from their own homes. They feared an attack by Moros who lived just over the ridge. We, too, felt nervous. At night in the lonely presidentia in the little village of Kalasag, we kept the lantern burning in the door, and slept hardly at all.

Late in the afternoon of the second day, as we were

A PYGMY HUNTER

(*Photo by Worcester*)

BATAK OF PALAWAN

wearily making our way through the thickets, a man with a long wooden drum appeared in the trail. We stopped and questioned him. He began vigorously beating the drum and led off down the trail. We followed, beginning to suspect that he was a reception committee. Soon we came to a place where the trail had been cleared on each side, and for the next three miles the grass and weeds had been laboriously cut with a bolo. The trail was as clean as though a lawn mower had been used. It seemed strange in this wild section.

Soon we were met by two more men with drums and then by a man with a spear and shield to which were attached many bells. Amid the beating of the drums and the jingling of the bells, we rode up the steep hill into the village of Dagondalahan. At the top stood Dato Tabyan and beside him in two straight rows through which we passed were the men of the tribe, resplendent with fine clothes and shining weapons. The doors and windows of the houses on either side were filled with women and children.

Bouquets of fresh flowers stood in the bamboo posts of the fences, white flags fluttered from every house, and a holiday atmosphere pervaded the little village. It was like a feast day. We dismounted, and shook hands with everyone. Our party moved into the presidentia — Juan, Sixto, ourselves, and the inhabitants of the town. As there was not room for all to get in at once, those outside hung from the nearby windows or gathered beneath our bamboo floor. As soon as we had unpacked, we began, by request, the phonograph concert.

Dato Tabyan was able to prove to his people that he had not overestimated our powers.

Food — rice, chickens and eggs — came in in such quantities that it was evident that the spirits would have to wait for a new crop. It was necessary for us to eat chicken three times a day to keep up with the supply, for we dared not refuse their gifts. They entertained us royally, dancing, singing, or doing anything we asked them to do.

It seemed that all the bedquilts of our grandmothers' time might have been used in making the elaborate patchwork suits worn by the men and women who spent the days and much of the nights at our house. Many of the more prosperous wore two or three different suits a day. One old man, who had but one, but who did not wish to be outdone in the matter of dress, turned his suit wrong side out from time to time.

The next five days were strenuous for all concerned. Dato Tabyan showed fatigue, and at one of the dances, he was seized with a cramp in his stomach. Juan had just opened a can of brown bread, so we rolled some pills of the dough, adding quinine for flavoring, and with these pills we cured not only the Dato but about half of his subjects as well.

At another time one of his wives coughed rather badly while we were making anthropological measurements. When we looked at her sympathetically, another was seized with coughing, and then another. The noise was so great that I could not hear the numbers called, and we were unable to continue our work.

Finally, with Juan's aid, we filled a pickle bottle with sugar and water, adding vinegar enough to give it a flavor, and gave it to the Dato with instructions to take it home and serve it spoonful at a time (we furnished the spoon) to all who had a cough. The whole town followed him home, and we had time for a siesta while they drained the pickle bottle.

Dato Tabyan took no chances on our being molested while we were his guests. He accompanied us to the different houses, insisting that his people sell whatever we wished to buy. He kept a guard in the presidentia day and night to watch our belongings. We slept with the lantern burning and our guns under our pillows against the possibility of a Moro attack, but with the people so friendly and hospitable precautions seemed hardly necessary.

The Dato did everything in his power to show his kindness. The day before we left, as a parting tribute he sent us his game cock. It raised in our minds a grave question. We realized that the parting with his wife or child would have called for no greater sacrifice on his part, and we did not know whether etiquette demanded that we eat the fowl or keep him for a pet. He was a strong, beautiful bird with his tail feathers neatly cut in scallops. He was too handsome to kill. Moreover, he was old and tough. We finally decided that it would be more respectful to take him out of Dagondalahan alive. Later, when we tried to chew him after he had been cooked two days, we concluded that it would have been better had we set him free in the jungle.

Our departure from Dagondalahan was as spectacular as our entry. The Dato accompanied us to the end of the cleared trail, a courteous gentleman bidding his guests good luck.

A few weeks after our visit, Dagondalahan was raided by the Moro. People were killed and houses burned. We then appreciated the responsibility that Dato Tabyan had taken upon himself in inviting us to his village. He had realized the danger and he had weighed the question long. Finally, having brought us there, he had protected us and befriended us to the limit of his power.

CHAPTER 18

Running Amuck

BACK in Cagayan again, we packed the collection and ate ice cream. Then we started into Central Mindanao to visit another group of Bukidnon.

Here was an example of what an American governor could do toward civilizing a wild tribe. Five years before, this district had been practically unknown. Its inhabitants had been virtually slaves of the coast people. They gathered hemp or coffee which were raised in small clearings on the mountain sides or along the stream banks, and carried it to the coast where it was exchanged for cloth and brass wire. In their ignorance they were mercilessly robbed. Sometimes they were forced into debt to unscrupulous traders who kept them in subjection. It was little wonder that these wild people preferred to draw back into their hill homes where they were free from intruders.

Their religious belief taught them to make a raid after a death and to bring back the hands of the slain as trophies. If a captive were taken, a celebration was made in which they danced and sang around the victim, then speared him to death. But the Bukidnon were not a warlike people. Their greatest concern was for the good will of the numerous spirits who guided them in all things.

They never made a new clearing till they besought the spirits in the stones, the *baliti* trees, the vines, the cliffs, and the holes not to be angry with them, and to grant them a good crop. After that personal endeavor played little part in their lives. They meekly accepted the scourge of locusts which destroyed their scanty crops, the pest which killed their cattle, and the exactions of the coast natives. It was the will of the spirits against whom it was useless to strive.

Then Governor Frederick Lewis was sent into this district. He induced the natives to build a horse trail for a hundred miles across their country. He taught them that dynamite was more powerful than the spirits in the cliffs, and that the invisible rulers of torrential streams could be thwarted by strong bridges. He induced them to leave their mountain homes and move into villages where they could be reached and governed more easily. This last was, perhaps, the greatest task. The sturdy cogon grass had proved an almost unconquerable enemy to the primitive farmer with only his bolo and sharpened stick with which to fight it. But the government introduced inoculated carabao and Indo-Chinese cattle and put them at the disposal of certain natives who were taught to use the disk plow and harrow. In a few months fields of grain and produce surrounded each village. The spirits came to the aid of the governor in this, too, for a disastrous flood destroyed the plantings along the stream and river courses, and only the village crops kept the Bukidnon from starving.

Trade schools were opened, with the hope of bringing into the homes comforts which would induce the people to settle permanently. Boys were taught to construct beds, chairs, and tables, while the girls learned to weave and sew.

These changes nearly ruined the people from the anthropologist's point of view. Nevetheless, it was exceedingly interesting to see what could be done.

Soon after leaving the coast we ascended a high tableland which stretched back for more than a hundred miles, broken here and there by deep canyons where torrential rivers rushed over the rocks. For hours we rode over rolling plains of cogon grass marked by the tracks of wild pig and deer. We could look for miles in every direction without seeing the great gaps in the earth, but when we reached the brink of one we could hear the roar of falling water a thousand feet below. A trail zig-zagged down the sides of these ravines, and at the bottom grass-roofed bridges spanned the torrent. These bridges, thirty-nine in all, were the result of enormous labor, for only the bolo had been available for cutting out the beams and planks in the forest. The timbers had been dragged by hand for miles. After hours on the plains with the scorching sun directly overhead, the cool shade of these roofs prove a welcome relief to the weary natives and to the carabao loaded with hemp and coffee on the way to the coast.

We found joy in the coolness of the roaring water. The beauty of the jungle on the banks soothed our

tired eyes. While we lunched and took our siestas, the horses rested and drank from a clear pool.

At night we slept in the presidentia of a model village built about a well-kept plaza, the grass of which had been cut with a lawn mower! While Juan and Sixto prepared dinner, the carriers pumped up our beds, and no sooner had we eaten than we were glad to sleep.

Governor Lewis met us two days out and rode with us, telling of his hopes and aspirations. At Malaybalay, the capital, we stopped for a few days at his house. It was a fine town with a stone paved street and sidewalks. In the evenings we sat in the plaza and listened to concerts by the constabulary band. A prisoner had just been captured and brought in, the man who had murdered Mr. Ickes, an American from the Bureau of Science, when he had attempted to cross the country. Savagery and civilization were closely interwined.

Sixteen miles farther inland is Mailag where an American and his wife had a plantation. It was here that we made our headquarters. The wife had not seen a white woman for three years, and the first day we talked so much that she became exhausted and had to go to bed! In time she grew stronger and we spent many pleasant hours together. How we talked!

We occupied a house on this plantation, on the banks of the Moli-poli. In the afternoon as we worked on the wide veranda overlooking the stream, we listened to the rain roaring like a tempest as it came down the river and quieted to a gentle shower as it reached us.

These daily storms were followed by brilliant sunsets. The sky blazed suddenly, then night fell black.

Wild pigs came into our yard and there were wild ducks on the river, so Juan had only to go out with his gun and return with the dinner. It would have been a most comfortable place to work had not the natives been disconcerting.

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I have spoken of the tropical storms which burst suddenly upon us and passed almost as quickly; and I have spoken of the brilliant sunsets which faded immediately into night. Just as these sudden storms swept over the country, just so storms sweep over the natives' minds. Men are at peace one moment, and insane the next. It is here that men run amuck; they become suddenly crazed.

It was no unusual thing for a native to run screaming through the jungle, killing every living thing he encountered.

One day while we were at Mailag I noticed a native man and woman sitting together under one of the bamboo houses. The wife was combing the man's hair. It was a picture of quiet domesticity. A little later he went mad. He jumped up, seized a bolo, and killed her with one stroke. The blood ran down. She lay dead. An old man and an old woman, the mother and father of the woman, were sitting near; he killed them as he had killed his wife; and then ran screaming away. Immediately there was an uproar. Everyone ran for shel-

ter. Before the man was caught he had killed his wife's brother also.

Half an hour later the madman was brought back to the hut where he had killed his entire family. Natives caught a chicken and tore it in two, forcing the mad native to chew the bloody meat, cramming the feathers into his mouth. Then they held him on the ground. I thought he had fainted, but on going near I found he had fallen into a deep sleep. When he woke up two hours later he seemed perfectly normal. Later he was put in jail and brought to trial. I never knew what became of him.

Formerly, running amuck had been regarded as a natural phenomenon, it was the work of spirits and the natives thought they could do nothing about it. The Americans in charge of the Philippines feel differently about this, and natives nowadays are tried for murder, for such offenses. While we were in the neighborhood such a trial was in progress, we heard. The natives discussed it at length because a curious element of the supernatural had entered into it.

A man, in a frenzy, had killed two boys. He was arrested and brought to trial before a judge who had come up from the coast. While the principal witness was testifying in the court room, the prisoner fell back in his chair, dead. The Bukidnon were greatly excited by the prisoner's death. They believed that his guilt had killed him — clearly the work of spirits.

* * * * * * * *

And now comes an incident so curious that I hesitate to tell it. It seems incredible now just as it seemed incredible then.

Juan came in one morning, worried and excited. My horse, "Strawberry," was gone. I had called him "Strawberry" because he was speckled and reddish in color. He was an excellent horse — the best I had had — and his loss upset me very much. We called in all the natives and inquired, but no one had seen the animal. We called in the headman and he sent out runners for two days to search, but the horse was not found. On the fifth day we gave up.

I was alone in the hut when Sixto came in. He told me he was sure he could locate the lost horse by magic. I concealed a smile as I gave my permission for him to try.

The natives gathered in our house. Sixto tied a knot in one end of a rope. He attached the other end to a rafter. The natives squatted on the floor, the rope hanging down among them. Some prayers were chanted. I realized that this was a serious occasion. Suddenly Sixto cried out to the rope, "Is that horse lost in the South?"

Everybody watched the knot in the rope intently but it did not move. After a time Sixto cried out again, "Is that horse lost in the North?"

Again there was no movement in the rope. "Is that horse lost in the West?" he asked.

And then suddenly the rope turned — I saw it move. There was no wind, no one was near it; but the

knot at the end vibrated slightly. The natives jumped up. They were excited; they cried out; they talked among themselves. The horse was in the West, they assured me.

Sixto and two of the natives rode away on horseback. The next morning they returned with "Strawberry." They had found him, they said, far to the west, feeding in the jungle with a herd of wild horses.

I cannot explain this — I can only relate what happened.

I was glad to see my horse again, for I feared that he had been stolen by men of a neighboring town where a famine was reported. The inhabitants of the village had killed all their livestock and were waiting to be taken up to heaven where they expected to live for evermore. I mean that a strange religious movement was afoot in the adjoining village. The natives called it *tungud,* a belief which had spread throughout southeastern Mindanao.

A Manobo called Mapakla was taken ill with cholera and left for dead by his kinsmen. Three days later "he arose from the dead," and appeared among his friends, terrifying everybody. He explained that the powerful spirit, Magbabaya, had entered his body and cured him. He had had revelations from beyond the grave. He preached among the natives, declaring that the world was to be destroyed. He declared that those who listened to him would have their bodies turned to gold and would be taken up to heaven to live a life of joy and happiness. He urged them to stop planting

their fields; and declared that they must kill all their pigs and chickens for sacrifice. "If they survive on the last day of the earth, they will destroy you," he warned them.

At first some of the natives were inclined to be skeptical, but they were soon convinced, for new and powerful spirits entered the bodies of certain leaders of the new cult. A wave of religious hysteria swept through the jungle. Men had visions; others fell down like dead, with eyes protruding from the sockets. It was a world gone mad.

The inhabitants of several Bukidnon villages had killed their stock, left their homes, and gone to the mountains where they were waiting to be taken up into the sky. Their food was exhausted and the Governor was sending the constabulary out to compel them to come back. The Bukidnon about us referred to the movement with awe. They scarcely believed in it, yet they feared to speak lightly of anything connected with Magbabaya.

Here, as elsewhere among the Bukidnon, the chief aim in life is to keep from offending the numerous spirits which are everywhere and are concerned in everything.

One evening we had walked out about a mile from our house to visit a huge boulder, the home of the spirit that guards the wild pig and deer. Darkness overtook us and the stars came out big and bright — the great Dipper, the North Star, and the Southern Cross. Mansipala, an old man who had accompanied us, stopped from time to time to scan the heavens.

Suddenly with great joy he said, "Ah, there is Magbangal; it is time to clear the land for our plantings."

With his spear he pointed out to us a constellation almost dipper shape.

"And the handle," he said, "is the one remaining arm of Magbangal." He stuck his spear in the ground and leaned both hands upon it, and while we stood gazing upward, he talked.

"You see Magbangal was formerly a Bukidnon," he said, "but he had great power. One day when he went to clear his land, he refused to allow his wife to accompany him. He said that he must go alone. After a while his wife heard the big trees falling so fast that she knew Magbangal must have help and she went out to see. As she neared the place she saw that the bolos and hatchets were cutting the trees by themselves and her husband lay asleep on the ground. Suddenly he jumped up and seizing a bolo, he cut off his arm. Then he awoke and said, 'Someone is watching me.' And he saw his wife. After that Magbangal told his wife that he must go to the sky to live and give the sign to the people, but she should go to the water and become a fish. Soon after, Magbangal went to the sky, and now when we see him appear we know that it is time to clear our land."

As we walked on, Mansipala continued to gaze at the stars. In the west he pointed out a constellation which he declared was the jaw of a pig killed by Magbangal. The Little Dipper, he said, was the hill on which Magbangal hunted.

The next morning many of the men started for their fields and for the forests where they would make clearings. Offerings were made to the spirits in the stones, the vines, the cliffs, that they should not be angry at having their dwellings disturbed. When it was necessary to cut a baliti tree, sticks with offerings were left standing over night, and if the next morning the sticks still stood it was known that the spirit would permit the tree to be cut. Suddenly these people, who had appeared indolent and ease-loving, became active. Magbangal had given the sign.

* * * * * * * *

We wanted to go still farther into the heart of Mindanao, — to Limbaya, twenty miles in the jungle. No white woman had gone that far before.

No trail had been cut beyond Mailag, and the country was wild and difficult. We crossed the Moli-poli on a raft. Natives swam with the horses. So deep and swift was the river that we were three hours getting across. Then we plunged into dense jungle where we were scratched and torn, through muddy streams that almost covered our horses' backs, and into hot cogon grass that towered above our heads. Coming out of one stream, my horse got into quicksand, and I had the sickening sensation of going down and down. But he pulled out, and we reached the wretched little village in a torrential downpour.

The people were wild. They all seemed to be about to run amuck. Music, however, had power to quiet

them. The phonograph played continuously. Cough syrup and castor oil were dealt out lavishly. There was little in the way of collection, and after a few days we were glad to leave.

We came down the winding river on a bamboo raft, and felt that we were approaching civilization when we reached Mailag, though we had still a hundred miles to go on horseback before we should reach the coast.

Mail had arrived in our absence, and we found that we must leave within three days in order to catch a boat from Cagayan.

It was only a few weeks later that, while the American planter was on a trip to the coast, those wild men came down the river and raided the plantation, cut the coffee trees and set fire to the buildings. They spared the life of his wife only at the earnest pleadings of one faithful old man.

CHAPTER 19

Jolo

THE cause of our sudden departure was a letter from Governor Miller of Palawan who had written that he was holding up his inspection trip around the Island for my husband to accompany him. It was to be our second visit, for on our first trip to the Philippines we had spent a short time on Palawan — that narrow strip of land less than three hundred miles long, at the extreme southwest of the group. Now the thought of return, recalled our first trip.

It was a four-day sail from Manila on a small dirty steamer. We stopped at Culion, the leper colony, for a brief visit and had one whole day of delight as we steamed in and out among vivid green islands — verdure clad mountain tops rising out of the smooth water. It is lovelier than the famous Inland Sea of Japan.

On the fourth day we reached a landlocked bay. There, built on the hills sloping down to the water's edge, buried in coconut palms and banana trees, lay Puerta Princesa. Governor and Mrs. Miller welcomed us to their rambling Spanish house overlooking the bay. There was a broad, deep veranda hung with ferns and orchids. The grounds were filled with flowering shrubs and tropical trees. There were rare birds, a tame deer,

a Borneo bear, an ape and countless monkeys. . . . How lovely it had been, and how well I remembered it all.

About one hundred and fifty miles north we had entered a sluggish river. Under a canopy of mangroves and nipa palms we went, as far as the hill country, where live the Bataks, second cousins of the Negritos.

They were very much like the other pygmies in wandering about, but they are more savage. They shoot poisoned darts in blowguns. And they are feared throughout the Island.

The women wear bands of bright red rattan, girdle fashion, about their loins and bunches of bright flowers in their hair and in bands about their arms. They were delighted with our little mirrors. Through these bits of glass, we learned that this is one of the few groups in the world where both polygamy and polyandry are practiced; we learned it in a simple way.

We presented a pygmy with a mirror for his wife and he straightway departed and brought back two more wives. We gave them each a mirror, and to our surprise, one of them departed and brought back another husband. A man may have as many wives as he can secure, and a woman may have two or more husbands if she wishes.

Neither wireless nor cable connected Palawan with the outside world. There was a monthly boat, and just as we were beginning to get well acquainted with the Batak, the boat came with mail which called us back to Manila. The trip home came before we could return.

All this was on our first visit. We were anxious to go again. Now Governor Miller's letter promised continuance of the work, and we hastened to join him.

It was not to be, however, for at Cebu the news came to us that he had been drowned. He had been inland on an inspection trip, and while he was there a heavy rain had swollen the streams. That night as he came down in his launch on the high water, the overhanging branch of a tree swept him into the river.

Thus another splendid American gave his life in service to these Islands.

With our plans suddenly changed, we turned toward Manila. The "Panay" was in port and we secured passage on her. One hundred first-class passengers sailed, though she had accommodations for only twenty-five. At night all of the deck space was covered by cots. Toward midnight came a severe storm and we all had to get up and hold our cots on end to keep them dry. But life was always informal on these inter-island boats; and nothing had surprised us since the trip to Palawan when four goats had occupied our cabin while we were up on deck.

After replenishing our supplies in Manila, we sailed south on an army transport, headed for Davao on the Gulf at the southeast corner of Mindanao. It is a thousand miles from Manila, and we were eleven days reaching it, for the transport stopped at various army posts to unload supplies — ice, frozen beef, crates of potatoes, boxes of coal-oil, and bales of hay.

We felt the charm of the southern seas as we

steamed down into those regions of romance, teeming with tales of pirates and Mohammedan fanatics, and with fabulous stories of pearls and the Sultan of Sulu. While the boat discharged her cargo, we strolled within the grey stone walls where, in days of old, the populace sought refuge from hostile ships that prowled along the shore. From the high watch towers we scanned those coasts once haunts of the robbers of the sea.

On the morning of the sixth day, Jolo appeared on the horizon. It is the principal island of the Sulu group so noted for pearls. As we plowed through the sea toward this bit of jungle land, nipa roofs began to take form beneath tall palms that glistened in the morning light. The island was vivid green in a sea of shimmering blue and gold.

From the end of the long wharf we looked up through the high white gateway into the palm-bordered streets of the walled city. Sentries guarded the high gates through which we passed. No armed natives were allowed to enter the city, for the Moros with their long knives were still dangerous. We were not allowed to go beyond the walls to the home of the Sultan two miles away. Anyway he had gone to Europe with thirty thousand dollars worth of pearls.

In the native market we were followed by divers who begged us to buy pearls which they carried wrapped in bits of cotton. If we stopped to look they were hopeful; and if we refused once, twice, a dozen times, they were still hopeful. And at last we bought.

Outside the walls, along the beach, was the Moro

village. The nipa houses were raised on piles high above the water. Sidewalk bridges, consisting of two or three bamboo poles laid side by side on shaky posts, connected the houses. These walks were not meant for shoes, but the bare feet of the natives seemed able to cling to them. If they slipped no harm was done since they were as much at home in the water as on the land.

From the deck of our steamer we looked out on a floating world. Dugout canoes with bamboo outriggers tossed on the waves. Glistening naked brown men jabbered and gesticulated until we tossed coins into the water. Then we saw their shining heels, as they plunged into the sea. A moment later they came up with the coins between their teeth, and scrambled dripping into the canoes. How beautiful their brown bodies were in the green sea!

The earliest histories of these people tell of their pearl fishing. The most beautiful pearls ever discovered have come from the Sulu fisheries. A Spanish record of 1645 states that pearls were secured when the waters were smooth and the natives could see to a great depth. To assist in this, their eyes were washed in the blood of a white rooster, which intensified the vision.

The pearls were as large as the eggs of birds, and near Tawi Tawi was one larger than the largest egg. The place where this lay, however, was enchanted. If an effort were made to secure it, the sea would open and wreck the boat. Two sharks stood guard and whenever some covetous person dived for it, it disappeared. The Spaniards proposed to make an expedition to secure the

prize, but the Moros dissuaded them from undertaking so hazardous a trip. So far as known, the sharks have never given up the treasure.

What strange stories come down to us, even in official records!

A MORO VILLAGE BUILT OUT FAR OVER THE WATER

(Photo by Philippine Bureau of Science)

A BILAAN CAMP IN THE JUNGLE

THE SWINGING BRIDGE OVER THE PADADA RIVER

CHAPTER 20

The Flying of the Bats

WE landed at Davao in the pouring rain and were disconcerted to find that the American governor, to whom we had a letter, was out of town for a week. It was dismal and damp and we were friendless and shelterless. But I held an umbrella over the luggage to keep it dry while my husband started out to find a place for us to stay. An hour later we were located with Captain Burchfield in a comfortable bungalow.

Captain Burchfield had come to these Islands with some of the first American troops, and when the war was over he had stayed, seizing every opportunity to make money. His whole life was trade and business. He owned hemp plantations which he supervised, but he preferred to have his home in the American style bungalow he had built in Davao where he was interested in several projects including the ice plant, the store and the club.

Unlike most Americans he had been able, with only occasional trips home, to remain well year after year in this trying climate. He was active from morning till night, not even taking time off for a siesta. He knew everything and everybody on the Gulf. He had a voice which aroused half-sleeping natives to immediate action,

but he was kind for all his gruffness, as we later had reason to know.

Mrs. Burchfield was away on a visit to the States, but the wives of two missionaries and ten other American women, wives of officers, were there. They created a social atmosphere in this remote spot where the only communication with the world was the monthly boat.

Each afternoon at five, a concert by a military band brought the Americans to the park where they talked till dinner time. Planters from down the coast joined the group and there were dinner parties, cards, and *bailes*. Still it was not a peaceful spot; there was a reason for the presence of troops of both scouts and constabulary. Despite the gaiety we waited anxiously for the latest news from the troubled districts.

A few months before, when only the constabulary had been stationed here, the soldiers had mutinied. Had it not been for the warning of a native, the whites might have been killed. The mutineers chose a time when the white officers were away, and gathering together all the guns and ammunition, they went to a plantation outside the town to make their plans. They decided that they should ride into Davao at four o'clock in the afternoon, when they believed they would be able to surprise and kill all Americans and Spaniards.

As the time for the attack grew near, the native owner of the plantation, alarmed for the fate of his two sisters who lived in Davao, begged for permission to warn them. The soldiers gave their consent for him to

send in his boy. They declared they would kill the child if he told anyone else.

The boy rode to Davao and warned the two women, but just before the hour for the constabulary to arrive, a man to whom the sisters had confided ran, from house to house, warning all the whites. They fled with their guns to the convent, which was built of stone and surrounded by a high stone wall.

The soldiers rode into town at the appointed time; and dividing into three groups dashed down the main streets, firing on the homes of Americans and Spaniards whom they later found fortified in the convent. They fought until ten o'clock that night. One American was killed, and several others were wounded. The holes in the walls of their houses and the bullets embedded in their books are evidence that their fate would have been much worse had they not been warned.

For three weeks they remained at the convent while a gasoline launch made the long trip to Zamboanga, and soldiers were sent to the rescue.

All this had happened before our visit, but the second morning after our arrival a launch came in with the news that the Manobos down the coast had risen in revolt. A Spaniard, two Chinamen, and several Christianized natives had been killed. The troops left at once for the scene. A short time later still more startling news came from another section.

A half-crazed American woman was brought in on a launch. She had been for a short visit to Zamboanga, and had returned to her plantation to find

her home a mass of burning embers and her husband murdered.

Why do Americans risk their lives in this far corner of the earth? There is one reason — hemp. No place in the world produces a fiber possessing so great durability and strain resisting power as that vegetable fiber, grown in the volcanic soil of the Philippines. Nowhere are conditions better suited for its growth than on the Gulf of Davao. On thirty or forty plantations bordering the Gulf, Americans struggled with a trying climate, beset by many difficulties, hoping to make their fortunes by raising Manila hemp.

Early one morning we left Davao for a visit to the Padada, the largest plantation on the Gulf. As the "Fury" plowed through the calm sea, flying fish skimmed the quiet water. Schools of porpoises leaped and played, glistening in the sunlight. After several hours we turned out of the dazzling sea into a broad river, the Padada.

Mangrove swamps and thick underbrush lined the banks; tall ferns spread their lacelike green against the blue sky. Monkeys chattered in the trees. Great black bats rose in the air, disturbed by our passing. Leafless trees held thousands of them, hanging head down, sleeping until dusk.

As we passed islands in the river, crocodiles dragged themselves into the water.

Two miles from its mouth, the river was spanned by a bamboo swinging bridge. Here on a small wharf in a clearing we landed. A half mile walk brought us

to the plantation house where an American and his Spanish wife made us welcome.

The house held a store on the ground floor. Living rooms above were shaded on four sides by a wide veranda. There was no view of the surrounding country, nothing but the tall, banana-like stalks of the Manila hemp on every side.

It was a hospitable house, extending a welcome to other planters along the coast, a number of whom often came in for tea, dinner, or a *baile*. They were a varied lot. There were prosperous ones, and there were those who were unlucky. There were those who had "gone native," and those who spent lonely hours reading poetry or philosophy. There was the couple past middle age, pathetic in their struggles and their hopes as they strove to regain a lost fortune. There was the Englishman whose family sent him an allowance that he might continue to live far from home. There was the Swede trying to keep well in the tropics by taking all sorts of patent medicine. Men of different birth and varied fortunes met under this roof, on common ground.

Sometimes the Governor and officials or missionaries from Davao came down, bringing mail and the latest news. Then the telephones rang, for the plantations were connected by wire, and a party was held.

On our wedding anniversary we returned from our afternoon walk to find the house decorated with palm leaves, flowers, and paper lanterns. The phonograph played Lohengrin's Wedding March. On the dining table before my place was a bride's cake made by a

neighbor and sent seven miles by a native on horseback. The plantation orchestra played while we ate an elaborate duck dinner. After that we were escorted to the plantation schoolhouse where we found all the planters gathered for a *baile*. It was surprising and delightful.

Sometimes we rode on horseback to neighboring plantations, through forests of palm trees, through cool woods where trees shaded gorgeous purple orchids. Long trailers hung ready to snare us — *spara poco* (wait a little) they are called — for once the backward-turning thorns catch in your clothes, you stop your horse to loosen their hold or you are dragged from its back. Some day, men would reach to these rich acres; palms and orchids and trailers would be cut down, and in their places cultivated fields would appear, planted in the tall, straight, banana-like stalks of Manila hemp.

Hemp requires only one planting. The older the field is, the better. It matures in eighteen months, and when a stalk is cut, new shoots spring up at its base and it continues to grow, requiring only sun and rain. About one fiftieth the weight of a stalk is fiber, the remainder being largely water, hence a great amount of rain is necessary for the life of the plants.

Almost every evening as we sat on the veranda of the plantation house, the roar of rain sounded in the distance. It came nearer and nearer, till the drops resounded on the broad hemp leaves like heavy hail. When it reached us, however, it was only a gentle shower. The next morning the sun came out, furnishing just the right amount of heat for the growth of the plants.

If such weather lasted always hemp raising would be simple enough, but there are times on the Gulf when the rains are not so regular. Two years before our visit a drought had come and most of the plants on the plantation had died. To guard against a recurrence of such a catastrophe an irrigation system had been put in on this particular plantation. A network of ditches covered the clearings, and two large engines on the bank of the river stood ready to pump water over the fields. The satisfaction of the owners of the hemp at being fortified against drought was short lived. Nature seemed to resent the innovation, and during our visit she buried the engines.

For nearly a week the rains failed to come. Then one day came a downpour which continued through the night. By morning the river was a torrent, and as we watched it hour by hour, it rose higher and higher — twelve feet above its normal height. Logs, hemp stalks, trees, all sorts of vegetation, and parts of houses dashed down on the swift current. We watched anxiously as it rose closer and closer to the suspension bridge which spanned the stream and connected the two parts of the plantation.

When the water seemed to have reached its height, a large stump with outstanding roots appeared in the middle of the torrent, swirling and tossing as it made its way down. It could not miss the bridge. Would the rattan lashings hold? Would the bamboos endure against this force? There was a crash. The great stump had struck. In an instant the bridge was torn in two.

Half was wrenched from its moorings and swept away in the roaring current.

It was no small task to span this wide river with a swinging bridge, and we pitied the men who watched with us to see it torn apart.

When the waters subsided the pumping engines were found buried under several feet of silt and sand. As we listened to the manager and his assistants making plans for repairing the damage, we realized that raising hemp, even in this favored spot, had its difficulties.

The workers on the plantation, besides the owner, the manager, his assistants, and a small colony of Christianized natives, were wild people from the hills. For generations these tribes had led their own easy going existence, working little and having little to eat. Then they had been persuaded to move down to the plantation where they were promised food, clothes, houses, and protection from their enemies in exchange for their time and labor.

Five hundred people lived in three villages on the Padada plantation. Each tribe had reproduced a village as much as possible like its home in the hills. After working hours, each group led its own life, following the customs of its ancestors.

Before the hard storm, we often went across the swinging bridge to the Kulaman village where we watched them dance, and bought knives and hemp cloth and water-proof baskets for the collection. Or we visited the Moro village where we talked of former times

THE KODLON, OR NATIVE GUITAR

(Photo by Philippine Bureau of Science)

DATU TONGKALING — RULER OF THE BAGOBO — HIS THREE WIVES AND FIFTEEN CHILDREN

with the old dato. The Bilaan village was like those far back in the mountains, for the Bilaan were a mountain people who never came to the sea until after the advent of the Americans. We watched the women weaving cloth from hemp and working realistic and conventional designs by the "tie and dye" process. We marveled at the exquisite embroidery with which they ornament the blouses of the men. Sometimes they use the hair of victims killed in a raid in place of black thread. In beauty and technique their work excels the work of any other wild tribe in the Philippines.

My husband visited others of this tribe back in their mountains and studied the customs taught by their ancestors. There they make small clearings where they raise rice, corn, and sweet potatoes, but they are forced to move from one locality to another as their clearings are invaded by cogon grass. They have far less to eat and to give them pleasure than have the people on the Padada.

The industry of the women who had come down to the coast was being ruined by the big store under the plantation house. Formerly they had used all their spare time in weaving and embroidering, but now they found it easier to meet the men after work at the store and exchange the money they had earned for finery. We assisted in their downfall, too, by buying the beautiful old garments off their backs. A few days later, we would behold them coming out in ugly percales and ginghams.

The plantation baker and the hunter who brought

in wild pig and deer also lessened the work of the women. Formerly they had toiled in the fields and gathered fruits and herbs in the jungle for food. It will not be strange if, in time, these women, with their new leisure, even organize clubs and do civic work. Ah, civilization!

Every evening at sunset the bats began to fly. The sky above the plantation house was darkened by a cloud of their black wings as they sped inland. All night they feasted on fruit in the interior but with the dawn they flew back to those naked trees near the beach. So punctual were they that we began to reckon time by them. We found that they were the clocks of the natives. To the brown men "the flying of the bats" was more compelling than any shop whistle.

In the morning at "the flying of the bats" we would see the men coming from the different villages. Breakfast of hot rice and fish was waiting for them at the workshed, for otherwise they would toil all morning with nothing to eat. The wives of these wild men, never having been accustomed to preparing an early breakfast, refused to do it now.

We went to the fields and watched the "fellers" with long knives chop down the tall stalks of hemp and remove the leaves. Then came the *tuxeros* who, with sharp bone wedges, stripped down layer after layer of the stem. Boys loaded these into two-wheeled carts and took them to the stripping shed. Under the low, thatched roof stood primitive stripping machines, and here all day the slight brown men pulled strips of hemp beneath sharp knives which separated the white fiber

from the pulp. On sunny days the space around the stripping shed looked, from a distance, like a laundry, for the clean white fiber was hung over bamboo poles to dry before it was weighed and pressed into bales.

Once a month, the anchoring of the coastwise steamer at the mouth of the Padada was the signal for bustle and activity. Sacks of rice and boxes of goods for the store were taken off and the great bales of hemp were loaded for Manila.

It was hard work for these ease-loving natives. They could see no need for it. And it is not strange that they wondered what was gained by working for white men.

Our dinner was late one night, and after it was over and we all sat on the veranda in the moonlight, our host explained why he had kept us waiting. A Kulaman had threatened him with a knife — a native who for the first time in his life was having enough to eat the year round and a place to sleep secure from his enemies. Still, when the manager had objected to his sleeping in the afternoon, the Kulaman had resented it. Instead of stamping his foot like an angry child, he had drawn his knife with intent to kill. Fortunately a Spaniard had seen the move and averted the blow. The incident was soon forgotten.

But there was always excitement in the air. From time to time warnings came that strange men had been seen prowling about on the plantation. A band of refugees established a camp three miles from us, and one night a strange man tried to enter one of the houses on

the plantation. Extra precautions were taken. Guards were stationed about the house. The prowlers were renegades from down the coast, men of high standing in their native haunts, conforming strictly to their code of ethics; but they had become bandits in a community which did not understand them and which they could not comprehend.

It is not strange that the Bilaan failed to see why his one human sacrifice a year, a sacrifice made for the spirits, should be more savage than the many human sacrifices committed by the soldiers each time that the wild men refused to work.

At the flying of the bats one day we boarded the "Fury" and steamed down the river, winding between the islands, through the mangrove swamps, past the leafless trees fast becoming black with bats as they returned from a night of feasting in the jungle.

The bats slept, and we sped on to other fields. But the wild men up the river, once almost as carefree as the bats, continued to spend long hours at hard labor, blindly stripping hemp for unknown use in an unknown land.

THE DATU STANDING BY A SPIRIT OFFERING IN A RICE FIELD

FRONT AND BACK VIEWS, SUIT. THE JACKET IS ORNAMENTED WITH TINY SHELL DISCS

CHAPTER 21

In the Land of Human Sacrifice

"THEY are not cannibals. They only eat the hearts and livers of their slain enemies."

This information from a government official fixed our determination to visit the Bagobo who were known to make human sacrifice. They were said to be the most savage but the most beautifully costumed wild tribe of the Philippines.

When the son of Dato Tongkaling, the head man of the Bagobo, came to Davao on official business, the Governor sent him to call on us. We played the phonograph, took his picture, gave him medals, and won his heart. He straightway invited us to visit his people.

A few miles from Davao, aboard the "Fury," we sighted Mt. Apo, an active volcano, the highest peak in the Philippines. Ten thousand feet it rose, dark against the sky. The fields of sulphur that surround its cone were turned into gold by the rays of the rising sun. Columns of steam rose from a deep fissure near its summit.

Apo, according to Bagobo historians, was the first home of the human race. It is on the slopes of this mountain that the Bagobo still live. They rarely ascend to the peak, for the sulphurous vapor rising from its

crater has convinced them that it is the dwelling place of spirits.

Juan had gone down the day before with the horses. He met us at Darong where we landed. Carriers, sent down by the Dato, awaited us. We gazed up at the volcano whose top was now hidden in a thick veil as though the mysterious spirits in its crater would guard their secrets from our eyes.

With native deliberateness, the dark-skinned carriers packed our belongings on their backs and guided us seven miles up the slopes of the mountain.

It was dusk as we climbed the last long hill to the village. A group of gorgeously dressed men and women welcomed us with expansive smiles, displaying rows of blackened and sharpened teeth. Coming forward with extended hand to greet us was Dato Tongkaling, known far and wide through this section of the country as a powerful warrior and head man of the Bagobo. He had a kindly face, but we knew that he was reputed to have eaten the livers of thirty of his enemies. Thereby he gained their prowess, — or so the natives said.

He ushered us up the bamboo ladder into his house. It was one vast room, capable of holding two hundred or more persons. There was but one door and no windows save a few peep holes. The long low walls were hung with scores of copper gongs, drums, ancient Chinese jars, looms, shields, spears, and clothing heavily beaded. Hanging altars held offerings for the spirits. In an imposing position near the center of the room stood the two decorated poles around which the warriors re-

late their brave deeds after a human sacrifice. Torchlight glittered on burnished copper and shone on polished steel.

This was the home of the Dato. His three wives, fifteen children and forty fighting men lived with him. It was the gathering place during times of festivity of many other people whose homes were scattered.

Across one end of the room was a broad raised platform where our duffle sacks and boxes had been deposited. This platform, ordinarily the sleeping quarters of the warriors, now became a stage whereon we were the actors. We unpacked our belongings, encouraged the carriers to pump up the mattresses, and then ate the tin-can repast served by Juan, all in full view of an ever increasing audience. Natives continued to pour in from all directions, a jingling of bells and clatter of brass bracelets and anklets announcing each arrival, as those present moved over to make room on the floor for the newcomers.

In the flickering light of the torches they sat, their richly embroidered garments heavy with beads. Strings of tinkling bells were about their necks, their heads, and their waists. Beads glinted in the flare of smoking torches.

The men wore beaded bags on their backs, while suspended from a belt in front, each wore a long fighting knife encased in a decorated sheath. Beads and bells, brightly colored turbans.

As we withdrew into the seclusion of our mosquito nets for the night, the wives and daughters of our host

climbed up into bamboo cages built along the wall, high from the floor. Torches burned the entire night. From time to time, as we were aroused by an intruding cockroach or a buzzing mosquito, we looked through the semi-darkness onto the floor of the long room, covered unceremoniously with sleeping men, women, children, and dogs.

The next day we moved into a small house nearby. The Dato and his men placed supporting poles against each side to keep it from falling down. Indeed, this was quite necessary. Three times during our stay, we were startled from our sleep in the dead of night by crashing and smashing, and rushed out to find a neighboring house falling, having succumbed to the work of white ants. There was no outward evidence of them in our house, but we could hear them working in the timbers.

Many visitors came. The jangling of bells announced their approach long before they appeared in our doorway. The women brought their sewing in beaded baskets. Squatting about the room, they embroidered and beaded articles of clothing. Men told us stories and answered questions, or someone played on a bamboo guitar.

Of all our guests none was more faithful than Dato Tongkaling. Though he mingles freely with his people, and does not hesitate to work in the fields or at any other kind of labor, he maintains a certain dignity. He always eats alone. His family and guests help themselves from a long row of dishes set on the floor. He

squats at some distance from them and uses a special bowl and plate.

With us his attitude was quite different. Often he ate with Juan in the kitchen — cold pancakes and bacon left from breakfast. Then, coming into the house, and seating himself in one of our chairs, he would tell us of their customs.

He traced his genealogy back through ten generations to the time when the Spaniards first came to the Philippines.

" Salingolop was then ruler," said Tongkaling, " and he was a powerful man, as tall as the highest tree in the forest. Whole companies of soldiers fired on him, but they could not overcome him till they struck him on the legs with iron bars. Then he fell. As he struck on his side in the sea, the noise of the waves was so great that it reached to the Cape of San Augustin."

He told us, at different times, of the varying fortunes of the different rulers who held sway before the time he took control. When his rule began, according to long established custom, he gave a feast. Seven hundred of his people came, and for six days they feasted and danced. Then going to a great tree in the forest, they sacrificed a decrepit slave, whom he had bought, and prayed to the spirits to make his reign one of prosperity without defeat in battle.

One day he brought, for our inspection, an ancient Chinese plate decorated with the picture of a large blue fish.

"When the Spaniards came to settle in Davao," he said, "they were at war with the Moro and offered to each Bagobo who would bring in a Moro head one of these plates." Judging from the number of these plates we later saw in the homes of Tongkaling and his people, the Bagobo must have proved themselves valuable allies to the Spaniards.

Before we had been long with the Bagobo, we discovered that a number of men, the strongest and most powerful of the tribe, were distinguished by a certain costume. This, Tongkaling explained to us, is a mark of membership in an order known as *magani,* to which no man may belong until he has gained distinction for bravery. When a man has taken two human lives, he is permitted to wear a chocolate colored headband; when his score has reached four, he may wear blood-red trousers; and when he has six lives to his credit, he is a full member of the order and is allowed to wear a complete red suit with a bag of the same color on his back. It is the chief aim in life of a man to become a *magani.* Then his standing is assured. Dato Tongkaling admitted that he had taken more than thirty human lives and had eaten of their hearts and livers to add to his own strength and vigor.

It is this desire to win glory and distinction, as much as to gain loot and slaves, he told us, that causes many raids to be made on neighboring tribes. Often parties of sixty men or more go out. An ambush is formed near the hostile village, and just at dawn when the early risers are scattered and unprepared, an attack is made.

After a few victims are secured, the raiders make their escape, carrying away the women and children as slaves.

But not all warfare is of this kind. At times the invaders are met by defending bands of equal strength. Then a real battle ensues. While still at a distance a few spears may be hurled, in the hope of injuring the enemy and thus reducing the fighting force; but the real fight is at close quarters. Face to face, the warriors seek to pierce the foe with spear, or sever a hand with the long keen blade of the fighting knife. The light wooden shields carried in the left hands are used to ward off the blows, while fast foot movements carry the struggling warriors swiftly from side to side.

For a time it is a battle of wits and skill, then a lucky thrust or superior endurance gives one the advantage, and the victor closes in to end the battle. If his comrades are hard pressed, the victor lends them aid, but if all is going satisfactorily to his side, he calmly opens the body of his victim and cuts out the heart and liver. With a shout he holds the trophy above his head. The reward of victory is his; the strength and valor of a brave foe are now in his possession. New power is to be added to his own, and he calls to his fellows to make haste.

Following such a struggle is a grewsome feast, never seen by white man. But it was described in detail by our hosts. Not for food, not because they like the taste of human flesh, but to secure valor, the warriors cut the hearts and livers of the slain into strips and devour them.

By doing this they gain both the bravery and cunning of the dead.

* * * * * * * *

The Bagobo's habits are leisurely. His ideas of life, so different from our own, at first make him seem shiftless and lazy. Food for the following day does not trouble him, nor does he see the necessity of providing for old age and misfortune. But for the things which to him are essential he labors faithfully. His village is a veritable manufacturing town in the embryo.

The most indispensable article to the Bagobo is his fighting knife. Whether he is on the trail, at work in the field, or resting in the house, he is never without the long knife suspended from his belt in front. A smaller work knife hangs at his right side and these two, together with a spear which he carries on the trail, are his stock of weapons and tools. To be without them is unthinkable.

The smiths and brass casters are held in high esteem by the people, the former because they fashion the knives and spears with which men gain distinction, the latter because they melt up the old copper gongs and cast the bells, bracelets, and betel-nut boxes which are so essential to happiness.

Twice we tramped over a slippery trail through the jungle to a hemp field where the primitive forge stood in a bamboo shed. The bellows consisted of two hollowed-out logs with feather pistons, while the anvil was a rock. The smith sat on the ground amid his partly finished blades, but despite our urging, he never worked while we

were present. I was the disconcerting member. No woman is allowed to see this work performed. When my husband went without me, he witnessed the whole process.

It is at this same forge that small knives are made for the women. They wear them tucked in their belts and use them for paring sweet potatoes, cutting threads, and a thousand other things.

After knives and spears, the most necessary thing for the happiness of the Bagobo is clothing, and the weaving of cloth by the "tie and dye" process is the most complicated and dextrous of all their manufactures. Often the women would bring to our house the long hemp fibers which they had stripped and dried in the field. While they sat visiting or listening to our music, they would tie the long threads and roll them into balls.

In every house we visited we found a loom with partly woven cloth, or a woman sitting before the measuring frame overtying certain parts of her warp with heavy waxed threads preparatory to the dyeing. We never ceased to wonder how she could keep in mind the intricate patterns to be brought out in the finished cloth. Frogs, crocodiles, men and conventionalized figures, all were deftly tied into the thread. Weeks are required to complete the dyeing and weaving, and when the garment is finally finished, many hours are spent in covering portions of it with embroidery and bead work. Far into the night the women sit by a flickering torch, taking tiny stitches on these bits of finery.

Dato Tongkaling often brought his three wives to visit us. They all appeared to live together in peace.

"Oh, yes, each new one understands that she must be subservient to all the others," he said.

A man may have as many wives as he can afford. For the first he must pay to her parents a certain sum fixed by the interested parties. For the second wife he must pay her parents and give a like sum also to his first wife. For the third and all following, he must pay the parents and each of his other wives. The burden becomes much greater with each addition.

Day after day Dato Tongkaling came to see us. If we were busy on notes or cataloguing the collection, he sat quietly chewing betel-nut. Having few teeth it was necessary for him to prepare this with care. In a little copper mortar, which he bore chained to his belt, he placed a bit of nut, a pinch of lime, and a leaf or two, mashing and grinding them to a soft pulp. Sometimes he would grow a bit bored. Then he would take out the watch we had given him, wind it, or look long at its shining face quite oblivious to the fact that it was several hours slow. At this stage he often suggested to Juan that we serve refreshments. Anything from a tin can was greatly relished. Everything edible in his country was on this ruler's menu, including grasshoppers and monkeys, but nothing surpassed, to his taste, the contents of a tin can.

Dato Tongkaling is supreme judge in all matters, though he is subject to the laws and customs handed down by his ancestors. When we questioned him, he

told us freely of their customs and practices, but it was not until he was satisfied as to our intentions that he confided in us the secrets of the two beings who dwell in the great fissure of Mt. Apo.

"All warriors," said Tongkaling, "are under the special protection of Mandaragan and Darago who live in the smoking mountain. Petitions to these powerful deities must be made through the *magani* and we must always take great care to prevent them from causing quarrels and strife among our people or even devouring us. They bring us success in battle and give us loot and slaves, but in return for these favors, they demand at certain times the sacrifice of a human being."

"Each year," he went on, "there appears in the sky a constellation of seven stars known as *balatik* (pig trap) which is placed there by these spirits to remind us that it is the time to prepare for the clearing of new fields. Then we must offer a sacrifice to them as payment for the good year we have enjoyed and in order to secure their good will for the coming season. I used to provide an old slave, but now the government will not allow that and we use a pig. I invite all those who have had a death or trouble in the family in the past year to help bear the expense. Guests come from near and far. For two or three days they feast and dance in my house. On the morning of the last day, we go to a great tree in the forest, and there make offerings of betel-nuts, clothes, and weapons. We pray that the spirits will give us success and protect our homes from sickness and enemies. When we killed a slave, he was tied to a tree

with his hands high above his head. I then directed a spear just under his right arm, and all who had purchased a share in the sacrifice took hold of the shaft. At a given signal the spear was thrust through the body, and then the *magani* who had paid the highest price for the privilage cut the body in two with his fighting knife, and it was buried in a shallow grave."

Tongkaling's calm face gave no evidence of the grewsomeness of his story. There was only disappointment that American rule had changed the good old custom.

But death is not a dreadful thing to the Bagobo. It is scarcely more than moving from one locality to another. The soul passes down through the earth to another world directly below, where it is dark when we have light and light when we are in darkness. On its journey the soul comes to the Black River, where its head and joints are bathed. By this it is freed from all desire to return to earth and is filled with peace and contentment.

In the Land of the Dead, Bagobo existence goes on as it does on earth, except that those who dwell in the world below are active only in the darkness. They plant and reap, work and play, until it becomes night on the earth. Then, as soon as the sun descends to shine among the dead, they cease their activities. Each soul picks a broad leaf which he shapes into a boat. Seated on this leaf, he waits till the hot rays of the sun cause him to melt, and the leaf boat is full of water. When the sun rises on the earth, each soul resumes his former

shape and takes up his ghostly affairs, as if there had been no interruption in his existence.

It is usually a decrepit slave that is sacrificed, according to Tongkaling, so perhaps freeing him from his earthly body and permitting him to join those in the Land of the Dead is not an unkindness.

The festive evenings will always stand out to us as one of the most interesting features of Bagobo life. We went to the great house of the Dato and sat on the floor in the midst of a gayly dressed throng. The women crowded close in their admiration of us. Sometimes they placed their hands on my shoulder or lap, and the odor of coconut oil on their freshly dressed hair was stifling. Talk and stories occupied the first hour or two, then a musician would step up to the *agongs* — ten or twelve large copper gongs suspended from the rafters — and begin to beat them with a padded stick. One or two others joined him. Sometimes one beat on a wooden drum. Faster and faster the music grew until it became a compelling rhythm. A woman or a man began to dance.

At first the dancer kept time to the music by raising on his toes and heels, bending the knees, and twisting the body from side to side. Soon he became more animated: the feet were raised high from the floor and brought down with a shuffle. Still swaying the body he began to circle around the gongs. He was joined by others, until all the dancing space was filled. Frequently the musicians themselves became so inspired that they danced off between strokes, performing fancy steps, en-

circling the instruments, and dancing back to their places with no break in the measure of the music.

In the flickering light, the rich clothing of the dancers lost none of its beauty. Brown men in crimson clothing — children naked save for bells and beads. Rattles on their arms and ankles added to the din, an undercurrent of sound infinitely strange. As we sat watching the performance, we could well imagine those other nights when these people gathered here after a human sacrifice. We could fancy one red-suited man after another stepping out from the group, grasping those tall poles dedicated to the spirits, Mandaragan and Darago, and relating in that hushed room all his warlike deeds. Old tales of his victims, of sacrifices he had made, of towns he had sacked, and of slaves he had captured. We could see the tense faces of the aspiring boys, as they listened to stories of deeds these men had performed in order to gain the right to wear the red suit and to be known as *magani.* We could well understand why it was only the weaker members of the group who were without this mark of honor.

It was with an expression of real regret that Dato Tongkaling watched us pack our belongings preparatory to leaving. We had bandaged his wounds, given him medicines for his ills, fed him canned pears and sardines, and in many other ways we had added to his comfort and wealth. He had been a good host. He had urged his people to bring us rice and eggs and chickens, and to sell us their cherished clothes and weapons. He had devoted days to us, neglecting his official duties. It had

been a good time, but now it was over. They all gathered to see us off. They begged us to come again soon.

The wives and older children of the Dato were among the carriers who bore our collection to the coast. At the last moment, as a special favor, that Dignitary himself swung a load over his shoulder, mounted his horse, and accompanied us.

The narrow trail plunged into a deep cañon. All around was tropical verdure. It was early morning and the rising sun gave promise of a bright day, but as we entered the depths of the forest, it was still blue twilight. Here and there a streak of yellow sunlight filtered through the trees, bright on the floor of the forest. We could hear cries of birds. Monkeys chattered in the branches overhead. As we ascended the further cañon walls we looked back to see the threatening cone of the volcano from which smoke was rising, black against the sky.

We came out of the cañon. Before us lay the crystal sea. Scarcely a ripple broke its smooth surface. But in the distance hovered threatening storm clouds, and we knew that before many hours this calm bay might be swept by a tempest.

So it is with this, the most interesting of wild tribes. Today they are calm and happy. Tomorrow, under the promptings of the spirits, they may become uncontrollable savages, laying waste the villages of their neighbors.

CHAPTER 22

With the Tree Dwellers

THE east coast of Mindanao seems at the far edge of the world. Only two white men were living in the entire region.

No fringe of small islands protects these shores. They are swept by the wind and the open sea. Mountains extend down to the water's edge. Poor anchorage and heavy seas make this coast difficult for steamers. During the season of the monsoons boats are unable to secure insurance, and if they venture there at all it is at their own risk.

But official business must be done in spite of wind and wave, and when the coast guard with supplies for the constabulary made its necessary run to Mati, a little town at the head of the only bay on the coast, it was our chance to reach that district.

The captain of the constabulary received us and escorted us to Mayo, fourteen miles north. There the other white man had a plantation. A steady rain made the ride through the jungle cool but by the time that we reached the last river, it was so swollen by the rain that not even the natives dared venture across. After repeated attempts the captain succeeded in throwing over a stone with a note attached. A boy ran with it to the

BEAUTIFYING THE YOUTH

Left — *Village dentist cutting the youth's teeth to sharp points.* Right — *The "beautifying" completed*

BAGOBO WOMEN IN HEMP CLOTH GARMENTS

plantation and surprised the owner with the prospect of having company. After much shouting back and forth, we turned back to a place where we could reach the sea. There in the darkness, we embarked in a dugout canoe and were borne past the mouth of the raging river, to the beach beyond.

Our host lived alone with his native servants in a substantial house over a concrete basement. He and his wife had come to this lonely spot to make their fortune and had planned their home in American style. Before the house was finished the wife died and was buried beneath a spreading tree near by.

He planned to spend the rest of his life there.

On the east he looked out on the open sea and listened to the never-ending pounding of the breakers on the beach. To the west his hemp fields led to the thickly wooded hills, where in little clearings live the Mandaya, " Inhabitants of the Uplands."

Our host was popular with the wild men of the hills. They came down to trade their hemp for things in his store. But there had been a time, not long before, when he was almost driven from the land.

It was due to the Tungud Movement, that religious agitation which had caused groups of the Bukidnon to kill their animals and wait, expecting hourly to be taken up into the sky to live a life of eternal joy.

The movement had spread over all southeastern Mindanao, and by the time that it reached the Mayo district it had lost many of its striking features, but it

was still powerful enough to cause many of the Mandaya to kill their animals and to hold religious dances.

The Moro along the coast, who were restless, took advantage of the movement to further a plan of driving the American planter and the Christian natives from the district. They invited the leading Mandaya to the home of a Moro headman "to see the spirit Diwata," and when they were assembled in a darkened room, the son of the Moro appeared, impersonating the spirit. Over his naked brown body he wore a veil of thin white gauze, beneath which were many fireflies. It gave him a superhuman appearance to the imaginative people. His entrance to the room was accompanied by a vigorous shaking of the house caused by a brother stationed below. Night after night, "Diwata" appeared. The people were so impressed that they were ready to heed the advice of this spirit when he ordered them to join the Moro and wipe out the Christian population. Doubtless the scheme would have been successful had not our host learned of the plot and imprisoned the leaders.

The Mandaya are divided into small groups. Each is ruled by a headman who has gained his position by killing at least ten persons from a hostile tribe. As it is the duty of a murdered man's family to seek revenge for his death by killing some member of the offender's family or settlement, whole communities become involved in feuds. They all live in an atmosphere of fear.

Lewanan was the headman of one group of the Mandaya. When he came with hemp to trade and found that we had come to get acquainted with his people, he

consented to take us to his house, after we had presented him with a loud-ticking watch.

Lewanan was a distinquished warrior. He had killed thirty-two persons with his own hand and had been raised to the order of *bagani.* He wore a red suit and turban, and no longer associated with his fellows as equals. He always ate alone unless other *bagani* were present.

As Lewanan led us along the steep, narrow mountain trail, he shot nervous glances this way and that, while his hand never left the sharp dagger which hung from his belt in front.

Once he stopped suddenly and stood motionless as though listening for some sound. Our strained ears finally caught the cooing of a bird. It was the limokon, the omen bird. Lewanan doubled his fist and pointed it in the direction from whence the sound came, and as this caused his hand to point to the right, the omen was good, and we were allowed to go on. Had it pointed to the left, to the front, or to the back, it would have indicated that the bird warned him of danger. We might never have been allowed to visit his home.

The Mandaya live in trees. Life is insecure, and fear ever with them. Honor and distinction being gained by taking human life, there are many enemies to be guarded against. For this reason, the houses are built high up in trees, or on the side of a cliff, where they are approachable from only one direction. Some of the dwellings rest on the limbs of trees conforming in size

and shape to the nature of the supporting branches. Often there are no sides, the roof sloping directly from a central pole to the edges of the platform.

Sometimes the top of the tree is cut off fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, leaving a great stump which is the foundation. Lewanan's house was of this nature, and when we had, with some difficulty, climbed up and landed safely in his one room dwelling, he drew up the bamboo ladder to show us that we might have little fear of a surprise attack. Rattan cords stretched from the house to nearby trees, anchored it against severe storms. Its rattan lashings allowed it to bend and creak in the wind without breaking.

On our first visit, only two of Lewanan's wives and three children were at home, but his two married daughters with their families also occupied this one-room tree house. At night it was necessary to remove the kitchen utensils, baskets, rice mortars, weaving outfit, traps, weapons, and other furnishings from the floor in order to make room for the sleepers. Other houses we visited were far less luxurious than Lewanan's, yet they were the homes of large families, often including chickens and dogs.

The women wore utility skirts of hemp cloth made tube-like. During the day the top was turned down, so that the skirt was almost double but at night the string at the waist was loosened, the tube drawn up, and the skirt became a sleeping bag. With pride they showed us their weaving done by the " tie and dye " process. The favorite design was a figure of a man and a crocodile,

sometimes conventionalized, often realistic. The man was shown in the stomach of the crocodile.

Large silver disks ornamented the breasts of the women. Wooden earplugs with beads and silver pendants further enhanced their beauty. Both men and women wore necklaces of beads, sweet smelling herbs and seeds that could be eaten to cure stomach ache.

They were friendly and hospitable in their homes, but in the fields or on the trail they were constantly on the alert for enemies.

Many of the tribe are descendants of people brought to the district through purchase and capture, for slavery is an ancient institution with them. Girls and women become members of their master's household, but their children are treated as slaves. Captive boys and men aid their masters in the fields and in the chase. It is difficult to tell servants from masters.

Then, too, there are among them descendants of castaways, for, from time to time, strange boats filled with strange people have been driven to these shores by storms. The survivors have become members of the tribe.

The year before our visit, a boat from the Island of Yap had been washed upon this shore. Our American host had cared for nine people as long as they had lived. Ronoboi, the only survivor of the party, told us the story of his adventure. Nine persons, he said, six men, two boys, and a woman, started in the native *banca* to go from the Island of Uluthi, where they had been visiting, to their home on the Island of Yap. They were blown

out of their course and never sighted land for twenty-two days after they had sailed. For nineteen days they were without food and had only the water they could catch during rain storms. One died from starvation soon after their landing at Mayo, but the rest soon recovered and were well till they, one by one, were seized with fever. All except Ronoboi had died, but he had become acclimated and was well and strong. He had given up all hope of ever seeing his home again, and will grow up as one of the Mandaya. He still wore his native dress, the *lavalava,* a scarf of sea-grass fiber; but he had adopted the Mandaya hat, a twisted palm leaf decorated with painted designs and chicken feathers. It is striking in appearance, and worn more for decoration than for utility.

One day we laboriously climbed up into the tree house of Lewanan for what proved to be our last visit. Lewanan thoughtfully drew up the bamboo ladder, not for fear of an attack from enemies, but to keep the entire neighborhood from coming up to see us. Already more than a dozen persons besides several chickens and a dog occupied the small room, and the smoke blackened ceiling was not far from our heads.

One of Lewanan's wives, with that common medium of understanding, a smile, brought the brass box containing betel-nut, lime and leaf, and after we had declined with thanks, she helped herself as did the others; and while we talked they rolled the bits of nut in the lime-smeared leaves and chewed with a relish.

Lewanan was in a talkative mood. We had brought

OVERTYING THE HEMP THREADS. A STAGE IN THE "TIE AND DYE" PROCESS OF WEAVING

A TREE HOUSE

(Photo by Philippine Bureau of Science)

him, as a gift, several cans of salmon. The crops of rice, corn, and camotes are always so small that even with the game and forest products, there is a lean time of year, and to have good food come in without trouble was pleasing to them.

After we had discussed Diwata, the spirit who protects them from evil beings, Asuang, the malevolent spirits, and Busau, the spirit who looks after the warriors, they spoke of Magbabaya, the name given to the first man and woman. Then Lewanan told us of the origin of the Mandaya.

"At one time," he said, "the limokon, although a bird, could talk like a man. The bird laid two eggs, and one of them hatched a woman, the other a snake. The snake went down the current until it came to the place where the sea and the river meet. There it exploded and a man emerged. For many years the man lived alone. Then one day he started to cross the river when a long hair swept against his legs and held him so tightly that he narrowly escaped drowning. He determined to find the owner of the hair, and after wandering many days up the river he met the woman. She became his wife, and their children are the Mandaya."

From these peaceful times, the people have come to lead this life of fear, constantly on the alert, guarding against a raid or a lone warrior lying in ambush.

If they pitch a night camp, they protect it by concealing in the trail small stiletto shaped bamboo sticks which pierce the feet of intruders. In their tree houses, they are fairly safe during the dark of the moon. But

when the moon is full they are always on the alert, for it is then that raids are planned. If the limokon has called or any other alarming sign been noticed, someone keeps watch all through the night. If the guard hears any disturbance he silently touches each member of the house with his spear.

"Then," explained Lewanan, "each one noiselessly takes his place, and if the invaders try to chop down the supporting poles of the house, we spear them or throw down stones on their heads."

There is one method, however, against which they are helpless. If the attacking party is driven back into the jungle, and all seems quiet, they wait in fear and trembling. The enemy may attach a burning torch to an arrow which they shoot into the grass roof. Then as the occupants rush out of the flaming house, they are slaughtered or captured.

While we talked a gentle rain had begun to fall.

"There is a great lake in the sky," explained Lewanan, "and the spray from its waves falls to the earth. When they are angry the spirits sometimes break the banks of this lake and allow torrents of water to fall upon us."

I shall never know what it was that angered the spirits, the keepers of the waves, but the banks of the heavenly lake broke. The next day we had the worst storm known in this section in memory of the oldest men. All the tree houses of the Mandaya were wrecked.

CHAPTER 23

Fever and Farewell

THE dawn was grey. A high surf pounded and roared. Wind and rain increased as the morning advanced, and by noon we realized that a typhoon had come to this region where typhoons were almost unknown.

The natives were terrified. In fear and helplessness they ran about, anchoring down their houses and dragging their stripped hemp to shelter. After luncheon we were hurriedly packing our pictures and notes in strong boxes which we put under the beds, when our host shouted to us to get out of the house. Just as we ran out into the storm, a violent gust raised the roof. We ran toward an open space where we would not be struck by wreckage. As we crouched in the rain, leaves and branches were hurled through the air from the black mass above the forest. We could hear above the roar of storm and sea, the crash of giant trees, as they were uprooted by the wind.

Straight from the west came the typhoon. It seemed as if its mighty force would sweep us up and hurl us into the sea.

Then it stopped. Suddenly the air became still. Not a leaf stirred. We waited, hoping that its force was

spent; but after two or three minutes of calm, the storm swept down on us with added fury from the north. Three times that afternoon a dead calm encompassed us. Then with increased fury the storm broke from another direction.

We crept into the cement basement when it was evident that it would stand. There in the cold rain we waited. At six o'clock the storm ceased.

Everything we possessed was soaked or scattered over the plantation. For days afterward, natives were bringing us towels, clothing, and papers found caught in the branches. But the Mandaya fared worse than we. All was gone — their houses, their coconut trees, and their hemp. Not in the memory of the oldest men had there been such a storm, and they were crushed by its devastation.

Then the fever broke out among the people, a malignant type from which many perished. It seemed as though they had been deserted by Diwata, the spirit who protects them from evil beings, and that the malicious Asuang were holding sway.

Seven miles of forest lay between us and Mati, but giant trees had fallen across every trail. One hundred and forty men worked for six days clearing a passage for us.

I was already having fever and my husband's hand was growing unsteady when we at last reached the Bay where we hoped that we might find a steamer. Riding overland in our weakened condition was out of the question, and no boats were scheduled for that time of year.

BAGOBO WARRIOR (MAGANI)

(Photo by Worcester)

A Savage and a Gentleman

The chances are that we should now be buried in East Mindanao had it not been for a tramp steamer which at that time ventured up the dangerous coast. We chartered her to take us to Davao and doctors.

Captain Burchfield's *sala* was fitted up as a hospital for us. The next six weeks we suffered from malignant malaria. Doctors pumped liquid quinine into our backs — fifty-six grains a day into my husband and forty-eight into me. Miss Matthewson, a mission nurse who had just come from the States, cared for us by day, while army officers sat up with us at night. Delirious, we were quite unaware of all the worry and trouble we made.

I remember one night when my husband had to be tied in bed because he insisted on getting up for more breath. All he had was in a bottle, he declared, and if he breathed once more, it would be gone.

On New Year's eve when taps was sounded, I thought that Gabriel blew his horn. Gorgeous lights seemed to fill the heavens and I was thought to be dead. But I could not stop breathing. The church bells rang for the new year. The people were waiting to have the service for me. I was keeping them waiting. I wished to be accommodating, but my breath kept coming, and I could not die.

The fever raged, and we raved. But we did not die. Dear Miss Matthewson, who alone had faith that we would recover, worked tirelessly over us. She encouraged us. In our sane moments we were determined to live. It would have been so stupid to die of mere ma-

laria after all the chances we had had to gain renown by an unusual death.

There was the time at Licuan when we might have lost our heads had we broken taboo. There was the chance of death at Dagondalahan had the Moro raided it a little sooner. We might have been murdered by the Bukidnon who sacked and burned our host's place after our visit. We had slept on the rim of Taal volcano a short time before it killed a thousand people. We had been through flood and cholera. Now we could not endure to die of fever.

Juan, too, was stricken, but he recovered much sooner than we did. He watched us like a father during our convalescence, packed all our belongings, and started us for home, faithful to the last.

News of our illness crept back into the hills. A number of our friends made the long journey to Davao to see us and to pay their respects. We had administered to them with castor oil, quinine, and brown bread pills. Now they came to us bringing rice, bananas, and eggs that were almost good.

From the slopes of Mt. Apo came Dato Tongkaling, and he brought us an *antin-antin* against the evil spirits that had caused our illness. With a solemn face he watched the white men carry us in their arms to the boat which was to take us to Manila and thence home. Nor did he take his eyes from us, as the boat moved off down the Gulf. It may be that in the eating of the hearts and livers of his thirty victims, it was only valor in battle that Tongkaling gained, but somewhere he had acquired a vast amount of human kindliness.

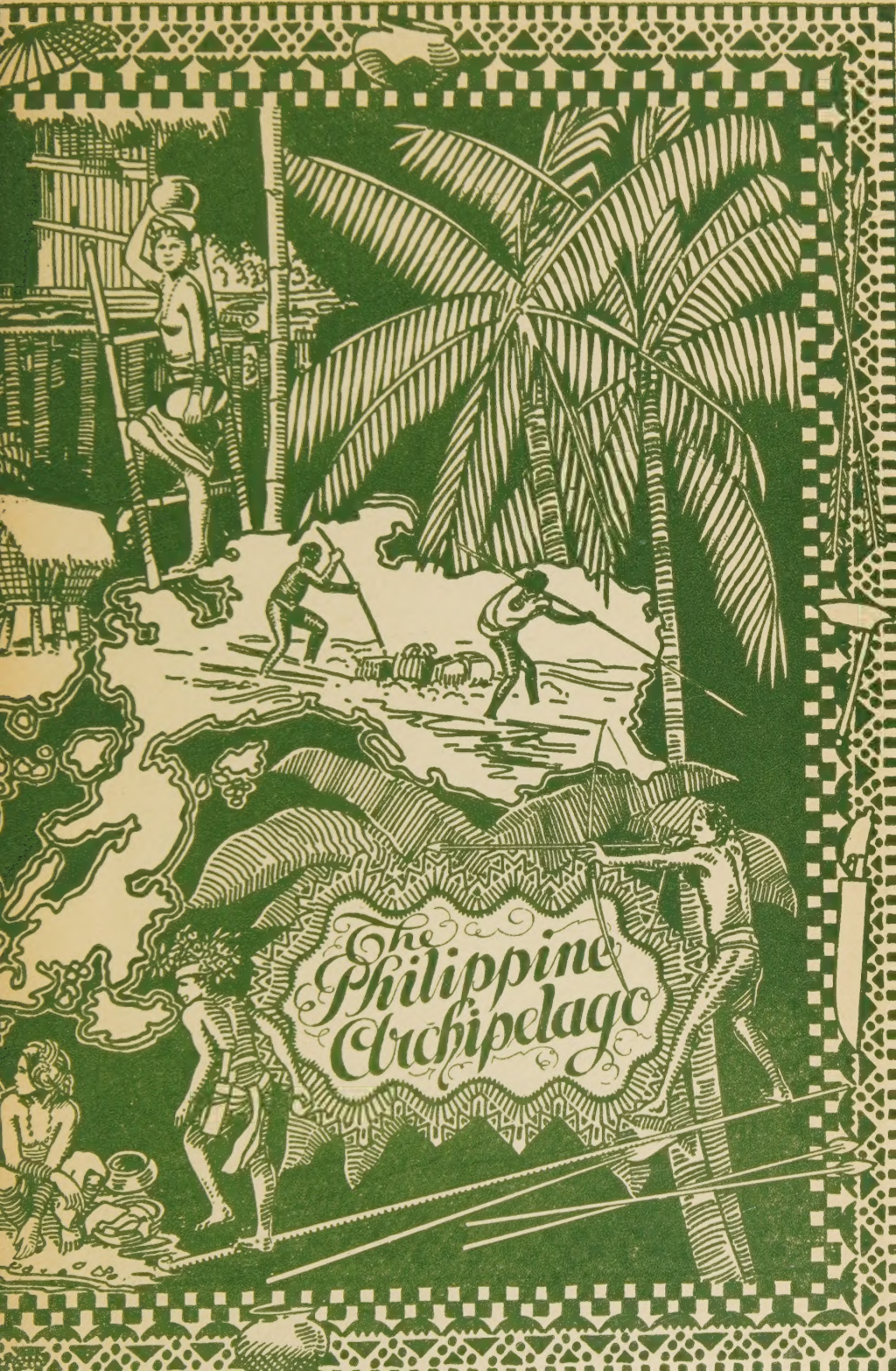
From my steamer chair I watched the slender brown figure, gorgeous in his richly beaded suit of red and fancy headband, emblems of his membership in the honored society of *magani*. From his belt hung the watch we had given him and around one bare leg, just below the knee, was a band of surgical gauze which had once been white. It was the bandage we had put on when he had been pierced by a *soga* planted in the trail by an enemy. His leg had been healed long ago, but in coming to see us he had worn the bandage. Whether it had acquired the properties of an *antin-antin* to keep off future injury, or whether in displaying it he reminded us of his gratitude, we shall never know. But somehow in that bit of dirty rag there was a bond between him and us.

The water widened between us. White men waved and called, but Tongkaling stood motionless, gazing down the Gulf where two powerful beings resided in the crater of a great volcano. It may be that he was communicating with those beings; that the sight of our frailness had stirred him. And now he appealed to those spirits who often before had come to his aid. He may even have been promising them a sacrifice if, as we sailed by Mt. Apo, they would but waft on us their blessing and grant us their protection.

Others left the wharf. Objects grew smaller and dimmer. But as long as the shore was visible, that slender brown form stood there.

He was a savage gentleman.

ROBERT
ROTTER


The Philippine Archipelago